

# The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine  
July - 20¢ Single Copy

## AGRICULTURAL WORKERS' NUMBER



*Big Bend, Washington, in Harvest Time*

*The Harvest Drive*

*Smoke Wreaths and Visions*

*The Boy from Washington*

**CAUSES OF  
UNEMPLOYMENT**

# PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD



HE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# The Harvest Drive Is On!

The 1924 drive of the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union is on!

Initiated at the Omaha, Nebraska, conference on May 28, with 70 delegates present from all sections of the the country, it promises to be a history-making one.

Never before was the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union a greater necessity to the agricultural industry and its workers than at present.

Agriculture is undergoing a great change. It is becoming industrialized. In the process, the small farmer is being driven from the farm into the city, there to compete with the industrial worker.

In this transition, the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union can do much to prepare the small farmer for entrance into the industrial unions of the cities on his arrival there.

Further, this transition adds "auto tramps" and "auto families" to the labor market; as does the prevalent unemployment in the other industries. The harvest fields, as a result, are likely to be overrun with an excessive labor supply.

Under the circumstances, the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union will be an important factor, in remedying adverse conditions, or making the best of them, with better wages and other results.

The Omaha conference took many important steps to this end. It decided to push the IWW press wherever the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union operates. By means of the IWW press, small farmers, farm hands, "auto tramps" and migratory workers can be reached and converted to organization.

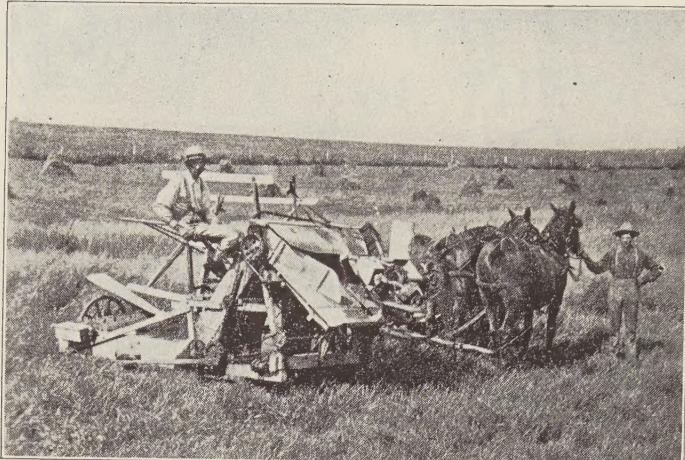
The Omaha conference also took steps to extend its work to Canada, to promote the California boycott, to strengthen Industrial Union finances, to perfect Industrial Union ramifications, discipline its membership, and make the 1924 drive the best one ever.

With such enthusiasm and preparation success is bound to crown the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union.

On with the drive!

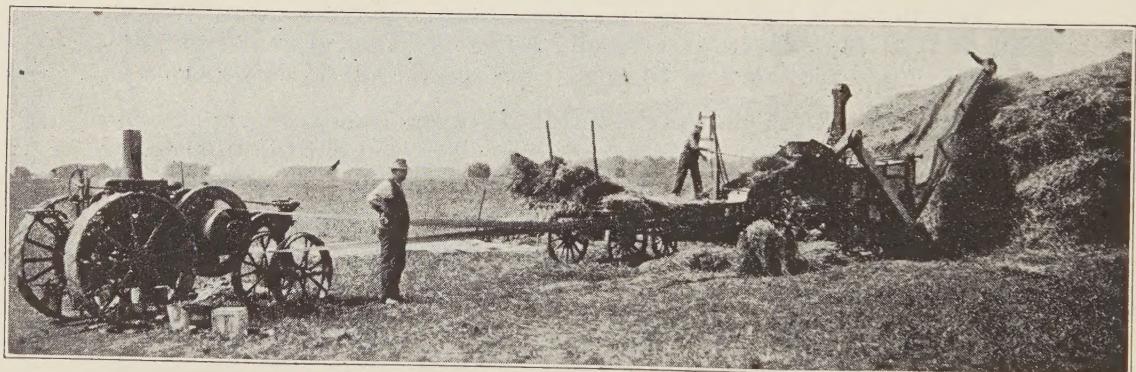


# In the Good Old Harvest Time



A SELF-BINDING HARVESTER

PHOTOS COURTESY INTER.  
HARVESTER CO.



KEROSENE TRACTOR OPERATING THRESHER

## Down On The Farm



WHERE THEM "PESKY  
GO-ABOUTS" SWARM



AN OSBORNE MOWER

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JUSTUS EBERT

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No. 3.

## Smoke Wreaths and Visions

By JAMES LANCE

The migratory agricultural worker, grown conscious of the dependence of the world's bread basket on his filling, dreams a dream of organization and emancipation 'round the jungle fire that is slowly taking shape in reality—urge of economic necessity, responsible for the migratory urge, becomes, also, the urge for a new society.

CERTAIN urges and instincts which motivate the inhabitants of this old world, to an interested observer, are an endless source of wonder and speculation. Through them birds, beasts and their prouder biological descendants act in a manner which seems to have been determined by forces above and beyond their control or power of resistance. Our northern songbirds leave us to doleful contemplation of those days rendered more melancholy by the absence of their soul-stirring voices when the first breath of old King Winter paints the leaves bronze and purple and threatens dire things to come. The king salmon feels the urge thousands of miles down the latitudes and returns from his wanderings thru the spaces of the southern ocean to spawn in the river in which he was a fingerling. And every spring when the breezes in the cities begin to give promise of hot stuffy nights and sweltering days between walls of stone and pavements of yielding asphalt the migratory worker thinks of the open spaces lying beyond the confines in which he has been passing his days in irksome monotony and—starts for the harvest.

Migrations all, and of the three perhaps his is the strangest and saddest. Not for him the security which Mother Nature vouchsafes to his feathered brethren. Not even the thrill of satisfaction which must come to the bruised and starving salmon when he fulfills his destiny and insures the coming of more of his kind before he dies in the stream which was his earliest home. Not even the surety of enough work to make his migration a shield against the time when he again will chafe at the bonds imposed by zero weather and despairingly count the days until he can once more migrate to the waving fields of grain.

Yet on him, saddest and strangest of the world's migratories depends whether the bread basket of his more fortunately situated brothers is filled or empty. Without his labor the world which has con-

demned him to live like a pariah would be slack-bellied. His brawny back and straining arms are the source of food for millions who thoughtlessly shove him aside when the harvest is over and only wish that instead of being a migratory, he was of those breeds which hibernate, so that his woe-begone presence when the harvest is ended would not occasion them displeasure in viewing his misery.

For such a reward this "son of Martha" labors long and suffers much. The harvest fields in which he adds to the store of the world's wealth are not ideal vacation places. Down in the far-famed wheat-fields of Kansas Old Sol pours down his fiercest rays on the sweat-soaked back of the harvest slave; winds like those from Dante's Inferno scorch his fatigued frame and beards from rye, barley and winter wheat penetrate every niche and seam of his

scanty clothing and add further to his agony; and when the parching wind dies for a moment great clouds of flying ants appear and add their torture to his already mountainous burden.

Later in the season he lies in the rattle-trap barns and granaries of North Dakota and shiveringly pulls the shoddy comfort or stinking horse blanket with which the farmer, in his greatness of heart, has supplied the "harvest bum," closer around his freezing body and burrows deeper into the spikes of foxtail hay to escape the biting breath of the northwind.

Aye, a bitter lot is that of the great army of migratory workers who follow the lure of the elusive "winter's stake" through the grain belt from Texas to the Canadian boundary. His life is an anachronism; in a modern world, he lives as the savages of by-gone centuries. His food is often prepared in jungle camps, his bed is Mother Earth with the firmament for a canopy and the dew for covering. In inclement weather his abode is a boxcar, or if he is unusually fortunate, a refrigerator car or deserted building. His camp-fires send smoke wreaths into the upper air across a thousand miles of territory, just as in long-forgotten days those of the Pawnee and Sioux sent their streamers floating skyward before the West was "civilized". That civilization was not intended for him, if we can judge from his experiences.

Behind this migration of human beings which promises so little and which is so laden with hardship lies a force even stronger than the natural urges which send the songbirds and the salmon on their yearly journeys. In a world in which the storehouses are bursting with food and clothing, in which enough is produced to feed, clothe and shelter all, a vicious disregard for equal distribution and an insane desire for possessions, which by no stretch of the imagination could be deemed necessary to those who in their avaricious power have grasped them, forces these slaves of the harvest to return year after year to those fields in which they have never yet received aught but misery. This is the

sad and strange feature of the harvest migration, and it is, as yet, beyond the control of its unwilling victims.

Countless thousands of them have vowed never to again make this gainless pilgrimage but the forces that spur them on are an empty belly and shoeless feet. Economic necessity, that greatest of human driving powers, is behind them, and year after year, the ripening grain beckons, hunger drives, and their footsteps again point toward their season of slavery.

Strange, too, is the fact that in a world of daily increasing wealth, greater civilization and wider culture the number of these miserable migratories is increasing rather than diminishing. In the last two or three years a new addition to their forces has appeared. Formerly the migratory harvest hand was alone, in the sense that he was a single man, unencumbered by wife or children. Now, however, whole families are to be seen on the rainbow chase. Small automobiles, made famous by a certain genius with a remarkable aptitude for coining millions out of scrap tin, now litter the highway throughout the harvest belt, and if the mode of transportation of this new type of migratory is different, their lives on the whole, are much the same as those who depend on boxcars and "head-ends". And the reward for them is just as scant and the misery to be endured much greater than for those who have no dependents.

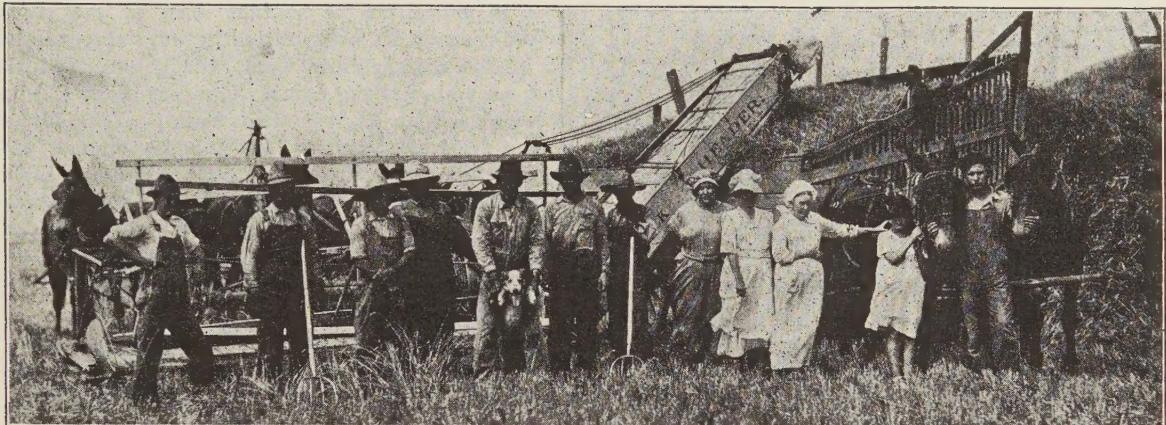
But he who imagines that humans will indefinitely endure such hardship, misery and privation is expecting the impossible. The following of this mistaken premise has been responsible for the fall of dynasties and empires. And, as the dropping of water will wear away the hardest stone, so the increasing burdens that have been added to the load of the harvest slave have worn something from him. No longer is he satisfied to accept the dictum of those who have made him brother to the ox. No longer does he stand, stolid and stunned, before the powers arrayed against him and which seem ever bent on reducing him to an even lower place in the scale of life. Too long has he carried the burden of the world in meekness and silence and now his back is straightening, his eyes are regaining their sight and already the "whirlwinds of rebellion" which Edwin Markham so truly foretold in his epic, "The Man With The Hoe" are shaking the world.

Slowly, gropingly, as might be expected after years of submergence and slavery, but steadily, daringly even, as he becomes sure of the justice of his demands and of his ability to enforce them, the slave of the grain fields is making known his decision to no longer be driven blindly by those he so long accepted without question as arbiters of his destiny. A new consciousness has arisen in him, suffering has stricken off the bandages that blinded his vision for so long, and his eyes, now that he has learned to employ them, and his brain, now that he has put it into use have shown him that on himself, the food gatherer, depends the magnificence of

(Continued on page 8)



"BROTHER TO THE OX"



A HEADER CREW IN KANSAS

—INT HARVESTER CO. PHOTO

## The Farmers and Industry

By JOHN HAYHAND

The great change that farming is now undergoing makes it a subject of paramount importance. Especially is this true at the present moment, when the harvest time approaches, and agriculture plays a most prominent part in the prosperity of the entire country.

The following article points out the nature of the agricultural revolution and its similarity to the beginnings of trustification in the industrial developments of forty years ago. In connection therewith it discusses farmer-labor politics and dwells on the necessity for industrial union organization.

As a contribution to the solution of a many-sided problem it will be found both interesting and valuable.

**A**RICULTURE in this country is undergoing a great change. It is beginning to be more like factory industry, from which it was one time held to be separate and distinct. It is developing co-operative societies, banking, farming, export, and other corporations, involving big capital. It tends to squeeze out the small farm in favor of the company and the larger farm. It is developing scientific cultivation and management, all requiring improved, up-to-date, machinery and larger capital outlays.

The conditions in agriculture at the present time are similar to those in existence at the beginning of the great trust movement in manufacturing industry 40 years ago. Then trade syndicates and combinations were organized to remedy the conditions due to competition and overproduction. Then small business men were crowded to the wall and many new forms of corporations took their place. Then the gap between employer and employee widened, as the armies of workers in the trustified plants grew and labor organization, consequently, developed.

In agriculture, overproduction is giving rise to combinations of all kinds. These combinations include the cultivation, selling, financing and exporting of farm products. They aim to restrict acreage, provide markets, both at home and abroad, abolish the middleman, and regulate the labor supply. As in all combinations, the big farmers reap the most benefits; while the small farmers are neither provided for, nor permitted to survive.

### Some of the Combinations

The names of some of these combinations are given in the following list:

American Farm Economics Association; American Association of Commissioners, State Secretaries and Departments of Agriculture; National Grange, American Farm Bureau Federation; Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America; Farmers' National Grain Dealers' Association; National Co-operative Milk Producers' Federation; National Board of Farm Organizations; National Association of State Marketing Officials; Sun-Maid Raisin Growers; American Committee on the International In-

stitute of Agriculture at Rome and the United States Department of Agriculture.

The census of 1920 gives the number of persons "gainfully employed" in agriculture as 10,953,158. The department of agriculture estimates that since 1920 from 1,700,000 to 2,000,000 persons have left the farms. Congressman Summers claims that, at the present time, 100,000 persons are being starved off the farms every month. But, as it is claimed that the farmers are 25 per cent too numerous, it would appear as if this tendency will continue somewhat longer before it finally runs its course.

Competition in factory-industry led to overproduction and combination. It led to the concentration of industry into fewer hands; and the creation of great armies of wage workers, or wage slaves, as some prefer to call them. In agriculture, we see the same thing coming up in the company farm, with its few owners and armies of workers. This is particularly true of such farms as those of the Earl Fruit Co. and its many subsidiary companies on the Pacific Coast and the Borden Farm Products Co. in New York state. On these farms the workers are subject to rules and regulations as in the city shop or factory. They are hired and fired as profits demand.

#### Cause of it All

The cause of this condition is the necessity to produce cheaply and then more cheaply still. The country that can, with up-to-date machinery, scientific methods, ample financing, and compact organization, produce most cheaply for the markets of the world, will dominate those markets. The farmer with all of the foregoing elements in his favor will win out there as well as elsewhere.

The small farmer has none of these features. He produces at a value that embodies more labor than is socially necessary. That is, his goods are too dear, because he is not abreast of the methods which social development has evolved and made imperative.

His farm is too small to employ modern machinery; and his capital is not big enough to permit its introduction. His methods are antiquated; they are out of touch with the mass production of large enterprise, and he cannot secure ample financial backing or favorable freight rates on that account.

The company farm and the larger farm command all these things and produce, market and sell cheaper, as a consequence. And so the small farmer goes to the wall in the struggle, as did the small industrialist, similarly situated, before him.

There is no way, apparently, by which the small farmer can increase his capital, extend his holdings, introduce machinery and scientific management, secure better financial backing and more favorable marketing and markets. He has to make way for those who possess all these advantages, and who, possessing them, can combine to more advantage still, and thus survive the struggle. And so combination of all kinds goes on apace; while the small farmer leaves the farm for the city.

It is getting to be so that most of the crops of the country are being raised by wage slaves; that is, by the regular farm hand, who is employed all year around, and the casual migratory worker, who is employed at harvest time mainly. The latter comes from the city, to which oddly enough the farmer is going. He is meeting with considerable competition from "auto tramps"; that is, farmers who are traveling with their families about the farm country in autos seeking employment wherever it can be found and obtaining it, at times, at lowest wages possible.

Conditions on the farms are growing scandalous. The migratory families (make note of that, reader: "migratory families"), earn very little wages. Some earn as much as \$5 a day; others earn less than \$2 a day. Children of tender years, according to government reports, spend long hours in the fields, not only picking berries and hoeing vegetables but also ploughing, working machine cultivators and transplanting. Many of them are younger than ten years.

It is to such conditions, rivaling the sweat shop in industry, that agriculture has fallen, despite its great advances in a scientific and mechanical direction.

From the facts above cited, it is clear that, since the small farmers' troubles are mainly economic, there is no relief to be had from them in politics. What the small farmers need to realize is the nature of economic tendencies. Since these are forcing him into the ranks of the working class he should study and prepare himself for working class conditions and for organization in working class unions. Whether he goes to the city, to work there in the auto, movie, steel, and other industries; or whether he stays on the farm as a hand or as an auto tramp, he needs to join an industrial union. Otherwise, the revolution on the farm will redound not only to his disadvantage but also to that of the workers everywhere, as well.

#### The Workers' Duty

And vice-versa, it becomes the duty of workers everywhere, to get in touch with ex-farmers, farm hands and migratory workers and families, and point out to them the need for industrial unionism, not only among auto and other industrial workers; but also among agricultural industrial workers of all kinds as well.

That the small farmers cannot expect anything beneficial from politics may be seen in recent federal export legislation. This legislation would enrich the Big Five meat packers to the tune of possibly \$200,000,000. It will give more ample returns, in the way of profits, to the big farm cooperatives, backed by big financial interests, and the big farm corporations. Such legislation cannot be utilized by the small farmer as he does not measure up to its requirements. He's like the small industrialist, who, despite protection and subsidies, is not big enough to profit from them and so must go to the wall.

(Continued on page 14)

I NEED A HAND BUT  
I DONT WANT NONE  
OF THEM PESKY  
I.W.W.'S  
WHY DID YER QUIT  
YER LAST JOB?



I DIDN'T  
LIKE THE  
FOOD

MAYBE YOU BE  
ONE OF THEM  
AGERTATORS?  
WHAT WUZ THE  
TROUBLE WITH  
THE GRUB?

A MONTH AGO AN  
OLD PIG DIED AND  
WE HAD PORK TO  
EAT FOR A WEEK  
AND—



WAL, PORK AND BEEF  
AIN'T SO BAD FER  
FARM HANDS

THEN AN OLD  
COW DIED AND  
WE HAD BEEF  
TO EAT. BUT-



LAST WEEK THE  
OLD LADY DIED  
AND I QUIT—  
YOU OLD  
SCISSORBILL!



CHUMLEY

YOU CAN NEVER TELL; STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THE LAND OF JOHN FARMER

# Smoke Wreaths and Visions

(Continued from page 4)

modern civilization. With this realization has come the determination to make that civilization recompense him for the hardship he endures that society may continue on its upward march and to see that his lot is made more endurable. The harvest slave is becoming a man, with all the attributes that term implies.

Not this year, perhaps not next, but as surely as the sun rises, this new decision of the harvest slave will bear fruit. He knows now that his yearly migration with its attendant miseries and scant returns is not a natural migration. He is beginning to understand the forces behind it and he can see the remedy by and through which it can be replaced by a more sane method of feeding the world. The new vision, seen faintly outlined in the drifting vapors of his camp-fire, is one that will remove forever the necessity of spending his summer months in the burning heat of the fields and his winters in a fetid lodging house on a back street of some city. He can see the harvest of the future being gathered by an eager, willing army of real men, not semi-slaves, proud in the knowledge that their labor is appreciated and reciprocated by toilers in other industries, and that they have at last risen to the full status of manhood.

Failing to give the credit for his awakening to those to whom it is due, would be doing a grave injustice. The suffering of the harvest slave had long ago made him rebellious, but his ignorance and blindness prevented him from using his inherent strength in righting his wrongs. Blindly, madly at times, he struck out, but his blows lacked direction and judgment. His arm has always been strong enough to feed the world, but in defense of himself and his place in the sun his strength was expended without the intelligence needed for victory. His eyes were always on the ground and the world was satisfied to keep them there; real rebellions are never instituted without visions, and visions do not come to him who never sees the stars.

Toiling, straining, eyes blinded with sweat, fingers bleeding from the spear-like beards, at last to his consciousness come a voice that had a message for him. Long it was unheeded, for he was in the very depths of slavery and voices, unless they were demanding more of his labor meant nothing to his sodden brain. Persistently, appealingly, beseechingly, the voice continued until finally, away back in some corner of his brain, came the realization that at last someone was speaking to him, not shouting at him. The message that the voice finally impressed on his consciousness was the wonder-worker that has caused him to awaken. From a whisper at first, dimly heard through the barriers of fear and superstition built up through years of servitude, it grew and

grew until it filled his whole mind as the cadences of a massive organ fill every nook and corner of a cathedral.

"Organize," said the voice, "organization will lead you out of slavery. Lift your eyes and behold the world as it is, see the mighty part which is yours in the drama of life. Awaken! you are bound with chains because you are asleep. Strike off your shackles! Ignorance keeps you where you are. Organize and follow me and the world shall be yours."

Doubtfully, in the beginning, half fearful that this was some new scheme to add to his burdens, the harvest slave looked upward and about him. As the voice continued and pointed out the wealth which he had created he understood at last the reason for his slavery and saw the road to freedom. From that faltering start the migratory worker of the harvest has followed his new friend, the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union of the Industrial Workers of the World many steps upward from his former status. He has learned that in union there is strength and he has become an ardent advocate of unionism. He has never turned back because he has found that organization is the key to emancipation and he has learned that every one of his brother serfs are needed to make his union complete and his freedom certain. With the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union as a guide he has mapped out winning campaigns year after year and as his education advanced he has seen that there are many more steps to take and that the way will be long and tedious.

He realizes that rebellions are not accepted meekly by those in power and he has already felt the heavy hand of organized authority but his vision of a future in which camp-fires, boxcars, barns and lodging houses will not be the reward of back-breaking, soul-stunting toil, in which he who feeds the world will not starve, and in which no such unnatural migrations as he has made for years will be necessary, keeps him fighting ever onward.

The smoke wreaths of his camp-fires will be seen across the prairies this summer and his rebellions will make spicy news for space writers but he has seen a vision and he knows at last that his destiny lies in his own hands.

There we will leave him, sure in the knowledge that his future is in the best of care and that no matter what the cost or how difficult the way, his vision of a better world will keep him henceforth in the ranks of those fearless fighters of other industries who are also on the upward road from slavery and in whose eyes a vision of a New Society is also shining. With these men and their vision the future of the race is safe.

# The Boy from Washington

By BOB PEASE

A lumber jack follows the migratory stream eastward, works in "The Long Straw Country," and has experiences that thrill and astound!

One of the most vivid and virile tales of the Knights of the Road since the days of Jack London—read how the struggle with economic reality turned the dreaming idealist into a man of determination.

**I**T was in the midst of one of those rare, warm, bright afternoons in late October and the sun seemed to shine with a special warmth and brightness on a certain spiked iron railing around the entrance of a certain basement barber shop in the slave market of Milwaukee.

There, leaning against the railing with due deference to its crown of thorns, a tattered, overalled detachment of the army of the unemployed was drinking in the sunlight in great gulps, as tho instinctively trying to capture and hoard as much of it as possible for the cold, cruel months of hunger lying just ahead of them.

And there on the curbstone, gazing at them with a smile, half quizzical, half pitying, stood the boy from Washington!

He seemed queerly out of place in that squalid setting, so straight, so sturdy looking with his square shoulders and level gaze. In his clear grey eyes seemed to be mirrored something of the grandeur of the great, smiling, clean open spaces of the West now dead; and something of the stolidity of his native hills. Also something lying dormant there, something of the dreamer, of the seeker after truth, and much of the poet who can write, should need arise, in burning deeds, instead of words.

Early in the summer of the same year he had been driven from the lumbering district of Northeastern Washington, where he had been born on a stump ranch, and where he had worked in the logging camps for the two years since the natural growth of younger brothers and sisters had made the tiny cabin called home too crowded for comfort and the oldest had to move to new shelter, by a general shutdown of the camps and sawmills, caused, so the daily papers said, by the overproduction of lumber.



Idle and Demoralized



Micawbers, Waiting for Something to Turn Up

Having a little money, plenty of time and his fair share of the adventurous pioneer spirit, he had followed the crowds of homeless, unemployed loggers and had made his way by easy stages in empty boxcars, towards the land of the great harvest, North Dakota, called by the migratory harvest slaves, "The Long Straw Country," or "Big Dick."

The boy encountered many other slaves of all ages, all traveling towards the same goal, and sensed and caught a sort of infectious eagerness to get there and so, longer and longer stretches he traveled and shorter were his rests. Also he learned that the men and boys with whom he traveled alluded to themselves as "hoboes." He found the term pleasing and it gave him a thrill of wickedness to be classified with them for he had read newspaper accounts of "hoboes." But when a sour-faced "shack" called a group of them "bums," he was insulted and hurt to the depths of his being, for he was not a bum! He bought all his meals and clothes and had nearly a hundred dollars yet in his pockets.

No! Emphatically he was not a "bum" and he would never be one; he would die first, as any good American should. He even went so far as to question, in his mind, the Americanism of the "shack" who had called him such a name.

As they neared the eastern Montana line, the talk of his companions drifted to the IWW, or the "Wobblies," as they called them. They told many tales of violence and personal injury, which, they alleged, was suffered at the hands of "the Wobs" in previous years, and said that when a "hobo" got into the "Big Dick," the best way to keep out of trouble was to "buy a ticket" from the first delegate he met. The "ticket," they said "the crazy Wobs" called "a card" but it was really a little red book, and was, when paid for in advance, good for a ticket on all freight trains in Dakota and also good for a meal ticket in every jungle where "Wobblies" congregated!

One old man with a patriarchal grey beard, even went so far as to declare that "the Wobblies" were not such a bad bunch of boys at that. But he was shouted down by the others who protested loudly that "they are too d—n radical" and the boy decided that the majority must be right. When the boy reached "Big Dick" he met "the Wobblies" 'right enough and when he was told that the "card," which the other "boes" had said was good for a railway ticket all thru the harvest, and for a summer's board in the jungles, only cost three dollars, he considered it a good investment and took one at once.

But otherwise the boy was not so lucky. He found that the army of slaves from the west met a larger army of slaves from the east and there were three slaves competing for every job, so the rest of the summer for the boy was a series of long rides by freight and short jobs where the sun was hot, the hours excruciatingly long and the pay surprisingly short. His hundred dollars dwindled away and soon, when he found that the wheat was all harvested and there were no more jobs on the market, he had very little left and was a long way from home.

From time to time he heard the other "Wobblies" kicking, and saying it was the rotten system which made times so hard and then a lot more about Labor and Capital, master and slaves, and other things that the boy didn't quite understand. But when he remembered that the slaves had been given their freedom in Civil War days and that "the Wobblies are too d—n radical" he didn't try to understand.

With the harvest over and the money nearly gone, the boy found it imperative to go somewhere. With his brain fired by some tales he had heard by the jungle fires about fortunes to be had for the making in the industrial centers of the east; of chances for a bright boy to work up and become a corporation head; and strong in the spirit of adventure the boy turned his face towards the rising sun, towards the new frontier of industry and traveled.

Now we find him standing on the brink of the abyss looking down on the wrecks of humanity who have fallen in the mad race of youth with fortune. Eight silver dollars, each with an eagle and a god-

dess of Liberty to consecrate it, lay in his pocket and idly his fingers clinked them one by one.

Someone plucks at his sleeve and, turning with a start, he sees besides him an Austrian, squat, dwarfed, stunted and twisted in childhood by poverty, twisted and scarred in manhood by industry, with black pits in his face where chunks of coal have one time been imbedded by a mine explosion or even in the course of his regular duties as a coal miner. But now, as he smiles up at the boy, there is a look of wheedling friendliness in his eyes that is pleasant for the boy, who sees beauty even in most ugly things.

"Boy, you like get it goode job?"

"Why, sure!"

"Boy; you got it money? You get it, we eat. I give it you address goode job!"

"All right; come along!"

They enter a Greek restaurant and for the next fifteen minutes no word is spoken and no sound is heard except the rattle of iron knives and forks on the greasy counter. Then the boy obtains an address in Cleveland, Ohio, and hardly knowing which is the winner in the deal, watches his companion disappear in the crowd.

His money is getting low! He must make all haste to the job. He inquires his way to the yards and boards an east-bound freight. Then ensue days and nights of frantic scurrying about in miles of freight yards and long, jolting rides, no longer in friendly open boxcars, but on tops, in gondolas loaded with coal and on tanker platforms.

At last, a friendly open boxcar door! He climbs in, finds some straw on the floor and falls asleep among other forms slumbering in the darkness. The train pulls out with a roar and rattle and thump and the knights of the road are on their way again.

The train rattles to a stop in the yards of Toledo, and two yard bulls, guardians of the private property and rights of the railroads go down the line "looking her over." They see the slightly open door. They open it wider and climb in!

Suddenly a startling beam of light in the darkness and a voice, "Get up, you bums and put 'em up!"

The boy from Washington, not knowing what is happening, sits up and rubs his eyes. The others, more wise in eastern etiquette of the road, are lined up alongside the walls, reaching for the skies.

A vicious kick in the ribs brings him to his feet, and he is staring into the white muzzle of a flashlight and the black muzzle of an automatic! He puts them up!

"Stand over there!" He stands.

One bull keeps them covered with his flashlight and his "rod of iron."

The other "shakes them down."

When he comes to the boy his hands feel the silver dollars.

"We'll take you along."

Then to the others: "Get to hell out of these yards and make it snappy."

They need no second invitation.

When they are gone he turns to the boy and, with a grin, takes over the remains of his harvest stake.

"Now you get to hell out of here; and if you open your yap, we'll 'vag' you."

The boy stumbled away thru the darkness across the railroad tracks and up a bank into the poorly lighted streets of Toledo's slave quarter. On and on he wandered, taking no notice of time or distance.

His mind was in a daze. His whole theory of society was crumbling about him. He had been robbed of his last hard earned dollars by men who, he had seen, wore gleaming stars on their coats; badges of that authority which, to him, had always seemed to mean the protecting power of the America he loved, guarding her sons.

He had been robbed! Also they kicked him and his ribs ached. They had even threatened to "vag" him if he told anyone about it and he didn't doubt that they would carry out their threat. He was down and out, tired and hungry, thru no fault of his own that he could see, and he didn't understand. A dumb wondering look was on his face as the sun rose that morning, but his spirits rose with the sun and after a while he sat down in a doorway to rest and to see what the yard bulls had left him of his possessions. Not much was left.

He found in his pockets only a few broken matches and the little red card of "the Wobblies." He opened it and started to read it for the first time.

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." That couldn't be right. Did not all Americans have everything in common? The same country, the same flag, and all the other things he had read about in the district school at home?

And again: "There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people." That was too much. "Hunger and want among millions of the working people." He knew better than that. He had learned when very young that hunger and want came only to those who were too lazy to get a job and stick



Using Family Needs to Force Wage Cut



#### SOAP-BOXING SEASON IS HERE

Proclaim Industrial Unionism Throughout the Land,  
Unto the Denizens Therein, that Labor May Organize and Flourish

to it. It was too dismal reading for an empty stomach, anyway!

He closed the book with a snap and his first impulse was to fling it into the gutter, but on second thought that he would pass thru Dakota on his way home and might need it again, he put it back in his pocket.

Toward evening, the boy found his way to the railroad yards again and boarded an east-bound freight! There were no "empties" this time; and he sat on the top of a boxcar clinging to the platform. Night came on! A chill wind blew down from the Great Lakes, and seemed to cut him to the bone. His body ached, his hands were numb. Then an icy rain began to beat on him. Terror gripped him. What if he should fall asleep and roll off the car? He had heard of other "boes" who had "greased a rail."

The train ground and jerked to a halt! The boy climbed stiffly down. He wanted to crawl away somewhere where it was dry and sleep; but he dare not. He was hungry and he must make Cleveland and the job on the morrow. He "went over" the train and the best he could find was a "gondola" loaded with fertilizer going from a Toledo livery barn to a Cleveland hothouse to raise out-of-season vegetables and fruit for some millionaire's table.

As the train pulled out the boy climbed up and stood for the rest of the night half up to his knees in the stinking mess, facing the driving rain. At dawn of a cold, drizzling day, he arrived in Cleveland and started in quest of his job.

He showed the address to a friendly-looking po-

liceman, who said he did not know the street but directed him to the police station. Arrived there the boy showed his address and was informed by a blue-uniformed sergeant that no such address existed in Cleveland.

The boy, head down, hunger gnawing at his vitals, stumbled down the steps and slowly, almost instinctively, turned towards the slave market. There he stood hungry, wet, disheartened, almost beaten, a look of dumb misery on his face, and watched the other slaves, now ownerless, like himself, wandering aimlessly about; thousands of them! "Bums," he muttered. "Why don't they work?" And, after a moment, "I wonder if they are thinking the same of me?"

Something caught at the boy's sleeve, giving a metallic click as it came away, caught again and held. He looked around, straight into the eyes of a child. Large brown eyes they were and in those eyes all the dumb suffering of generations of beaten childhood, all the agony of the ages of slavery, was mirrored.

This the boy saw and it made him creep. Cold sweat broke out on him. He had never seen such horrors in eyes before. He looked at the face. It was white and drawn and pinched. The hair on its head was matted and filthy. One bare arm, with crippled hand upturned, was held out to him. The other arm—the boy shuddered—the other arm was off at the elbow! It had never been doctored. The flesh had withered and drawn back from the wound, exposing about an inch of dead, white bone. Thru this bone was hooked a stiff, rusty wire and the other end of the wire was hooked in the boy's sleeve!

The child was about 10 years of age; whether boy or girl could not be told from its appearance. Its only clothing was a neckless, sleeveless smock of blue denim reaching to the knees. Its feet were bare; and there it stood on the cold stone pavement in the icy fall rain.

It spoke in a pitiful, thin voice: "Please, mister; give me a penny?"

What was the boy to say or do? Had he been fuller of years and piety, he might have loosed himself and passed on, saying: "The child is being punished for the sins of its fathers, even unto the thirty-second generation! God's will be done."

Had he been a young Jesus he undoubtedly would have talked to some of the paving stones and turned

them into bread and cheese. Had he been a young Lincoln he might have said, as did Lincoln in the chattel slave market: "If I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I will!"

But being only a young lumberjack, the boy from Washington said nothing. He couldn't. For something was in his throat, strangling him! Something as hard and cold as the soul of capitalism! Something as bitter as the tears of labor's orphans wailing in the gutters of the world!

He only gently loosed his sleeve from the hook on the mangled arm and ran, slowly, heavily, blindly. He knew not where he ran nor why. But at last, nearly exhausted, he came again to railroad tracks and to a west-bound freight.

The boy climbed into a straw-littered boxcar and shut the door. Then, in the semi-darkness, he flung himself down on the filthy straw and wept. Mind and body were numb. He only wept into the straw and cried to himself, Why? Why?? Why???

A long time he lay there in the groaning, swaying, car, and his brain was on fire, burning with a fierce, scorching, searing heat, and a crimson flame, red as the blood of labor's dead. Burning! Burning!! Until at last the brain and the spirit were purged of all false hopes and vain fancies and the boy saw the world as it is. There was born of the spirit, the brain and the flame, red hate and understanding!

The boy struggled to his knees and fumbled in his pocket. He brot out a little red card and clasped it in both hands. Then kneeling there in the swaying car, his face lifted, as tho in prayer. Slowly, distinctly, fervently, the boy was speaking:

"I have been a fool. The country that allows that maimed and innocent child, half-naked and half-fed, to stand in its rags, begging the penniless for pennies, while strong men search in vain for work, is not the America I have been taught to love!"

He clasped the little red card closer. "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people . . . ."

He did not say "Amen!" He put the little red card back in his pocket with one hand and clasped the other over his empty belly. Then, seeing the incongruity of his posture he laughed. But it was not the laugh of a boy. The boy from Washington was dead; and the man who had taken his place will not be so easily reckoned with.

Now that You Have Read "The Boy from Washington"  
Get Ready to Read in Next Month's Pioneer

## — ANNIE —

The Wobbly Girl who Unwittingly Fell in Love with a Labor Spy. You'll Hate the Tribe More After Doing it.



# "The Dreaded Yellow Peril"

By SYDNEY WEISE

Some information regarding Japanese exclusion that is not included in the increasing war propaganda directed against the far easterners—Who brought the Japs here and why?—The empire builders and their cheap labor tactics laid bare.

To many people over the greater part of the United States the Japanese is a quiet, tireless bellhop whom the fiction writers have represented as being an admiral of the Japanese navy, intent upon securing information concerning the coast guard defenses at Minot, N. D., and Tulsa, Oklahoma.

To the Babbitts regarding the Saturday Evening Post and the Police Gazette as the official expressions of "Our Great Americanism," he is the "Dreaded Yellow Peril which hovers so threateningly over California, and is rapidly getting control of the best land in the state." He is taking away the opportunity to labor from the American laboring man. Is lowering his standard of living. Is creating a little Japan right here, and is not intermarrying with the white race. He does not absorb American Culture and ideals and therefore should be stopped from immigrating.

THE manner of his first coming is not mentioned, and this circumstance, together with his activities since landing could well furnish material from which a novelist could write a tale that will live, without drawing on the imagination.

Had the Jap arrived on these western shores with a blunderbuss on each hip and a cutlass in his teeth, seeking the extermination of red savages possessing gold ornaments; or to trade rum to them in return for furs, he probably would have had the romantic setting which would have entitled his name to a place among the founders of Great American Fortunes.

However, he awaited the invitation of the Empire Builders and other aggressive spirits who desired laborers that would perform a maximum of labor on a minimum of fodder. No doubt James J. Hill had the picture of thousands of these coolies at work with no "talking back" in mind when he made the famous declaration that he'd "make the stiff's eat their blankets." At any rate the Japs arrived in numbers and for a time the extra gangs were composed of orientals. The sawmills had their share—also for a time.

Existence in a boxcar does not include family life and the oriental had no intention of continuing the life of the homeless migratory worker who has built the canals, roads and highways of the United States and now is denied the privilege of riding on them. In California he saw land that would produce crops in greater abundance than that in his native country. He began to transfer his interests to the soil and to bring over the wife and family. So far he was no menace. Was he not developing wild land and raising valuable crops which were handled by the Chamber of Commerce members, and were hauled on the railroads he had built. He was also raising a family which for size "deelighted" the Rough Riding Teddy. The great lawmakers and perennial saviors of the nation wrote no impassioned

speeches about the poor white farmer and laborer being competed out of business—no, not then.

Along with his smiling face and busy hands, the little Jap also possessed a brain that worked. He knew that the railroad magnate did not employ him because of his particular type of beauty or that the commission merchants did not bid for his garden truck because they loved him. So he and his fellows pooled their produce and established their own com-



IF THAT BRANCH EVER BREAKS—  
GOOD NIGHT FOR HIM!

mission houses, thus saving the middleman's profit for themselves. He rapidly established stores and restaurants, and went into nearly every commercial enterprise from which the whites took their toll.

At this time the weather changed. Black clouds appeared on the brows of the politicians who drew their campaign funds from the captains of finance. "No single women can come here from Japan!" A sort of long distance marriage is arranged and they continue to come. Next "Drive them off the land—the farmers should back that." So it is made illegal to sell land to a Japanese. He leases it. Next it can only be leased for three years. The Jap works a tract for three years and then moves on to another. He is still in business in town. He must be stopped, but it wouldn't do to suggest that it was for the benefit of the white business man. It must be made to appear for the benefit of the laborer who is carrying his bed on his back from one construction job to another, and so the cry is started. However, the white farmers and resident city workers are not familiar with the plight of the stiff, or much concerned. So a sort of patriotic appeal must be made. Wave the flag and tell them about "the destruction of our beautiful state by the Jap." That takes better. So we see an exclusion law passed for the expressed purpose "of saving our western civilization from being extinguished by Oriental Culture." Immediately invitations are extended by some of the lumber companies to the Jap to work in the sawmills. This shows the depth of the mill owners' concern over the plight of the white workers. The Jap declines without thanks—he has been there before.

He is content to stay on his little ranch which he secured before the land laws were passed and when occasion demands he will hire a white farm hand, paying him usually fifty cents per day more than the white rancher pays. He has him eat at the table with the family and take a daily bath in place of the Saturday night tub, customary with the Nordic American. This smashing of an ancient custom is impossible for our "best citizens" to forgive.

Besides this the Jap spends many hours in the libraries which should be employed around a pool table or crap game. He does not make, sell or drink moonshine, nor use or peddle dope. His children are being educated instead of being put to work in factories at a tender age. His women are not inmates of brothels. His home country has had no Admiral Barrys in their navy and no YMCA incidents such as made Portland famous.

Not wasting his time on political platforms, none of his fellows are even mentioned in the Teapot Dome exposures or the Veteran's Bureau revelations. Likewise he has had no part in the making of the California Criminal Syndicalism Laws, and his brothers in Nippon are boycotting California products until the victims of that statute are released. He has never lynched a "nigger" or burned one at the stake, and he has no Ku Klux Klan to conduct night shirt court martials. He does not break strikes or guard scabs. There are only seven

members of his race in the California penitentiaries—all of these for minor offenses—and he does not furnish his quota of the three hundred and seventy-five murders which has been the state's average for several years past.

Does anyone wonder that he does not intermarry with the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West?

His race is increasing so fast that at present one child out of every eleven born in the state is a Japanese. At this rate the oriental will in time dominate the land of orange groves and jails. Then western civilization will indeed be doomed to give way to the culture of the east.

Oh, won't that be terrible?

## THE JAPANESE BUGABOO

While from 1910 to 1920 there was an increase in continental United States of 38,853 Japanese, there was an actual decrease of 22,737. Of the increase of 38,853, 29,672 were women and children, most of whom were born here. During the past three years 4,207 more Japanese have returned to Japan than have arrived in this country.

## Farmers and Industry

(Continued from page 6)

It is certain that politics will not stay the crushing effects of farm development on the small farmer. This development leaves him in the background—broke. Nor will politics for the farmer benefit the industrial workers. Three provinces in Canada have farmers' rule; that is, the farmers dominate three provincial parliaments in the Dominion. They have spent this power in modifying and removing beneficial labor legislation, like the 8-hour day for governmental employees. They have done this on the theory that the farmers wouldn't be able to keep their labor on the concessions if conditions elsewhere are made too attractive.

Thus it becomes evident, from the viewpoint of both the small farmers and the industrial workers that only organization for economic purposes will prove beneficial to both in the long run. The small farmer cannot stand up against modern development. He is starved off the farm into the city, or is forced into the ranks of the migratory workers, together with his family. What is there left for him to do, if not to organize, when in the city, with the workers in the industry in which he works? And when on the farm, with the agricultural workers' industrial union, affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World?

The farm revolution is making wage workers, or as some call them, wage slaves, of the farmers. Consequently they should realize the fact and get together with other wage earners in industrial unionism. That is the only way in which they can seek both relief and emancipation. That is the only medium through which they can gain independence and liberation once more.

# Railroad Work and Railroad Workers

By ALONZO WALTERS



The writer of this article has worked at railroading during the past eight years, in various capacities. He has worked on the section, tamping ties, driving spikes, and handling steel rails. He has worked in the shops, as a machinists' helper, as a shop laborer, a storekeeper, and finally, on the rails as a brakeman and a fireman.

In the course of such varied experience, he has, quite naturally, observed many aspects of railroading, especially the inefficient system of organization that the workers have. Involved in the shopmen's strike, and with its humiliating defeat still fresh in his memory, he is in a position to set down a sensible view of craft unionism vs. industrial unionism. This he does in the article below.

**R**AILROADING has always been generally regarded by people not intimately acquainted with it as an extremely fascinating, thrilling and romantic line of work. Many songs have been sung, many tales and yarns have been told, much talk has been heard, by many people in many walks of life about railroad men and their work. From the pig-faced, pot-bellied, chubby old president, who sits in a swivel-chair, cooled by an electric fan, pondering through his cunning and unscrupulous old cranium the most feasible schemes for pulling the next public swindle, or trying to make up his mind which bunch of his slaves it would be most advisable to slash the wages of next, to the office boy, who recounts in his innocent and childishly credulous but ambitious little brain all the numerous stories he has heard about office boys who became railroad presidents—from the very highest to the lowest, railroad men, as a class, are celebrities.

The country school boy has a sort of deep, mysterious and inexplicable reverence, an extremely intense admiration for railroad men, accompanied often by a secret longing to some day become one himself—an ardent desire to get into railroading, to have the glowing pleasure of hearing at close range the rattle of the mighty iron wheels of transportation, and the glory and satisfaction of knowing that he is actually helping to make them rattle. Many a young American has undergone the most brain-racking experience of his life trying to decide whether he ought to go ahead and become president of the United States, or give up that pet ambition and become a locomotive engineer.

Likewise many a shy, modest little country girl, in her sweet innocence and blissful ignorance of this mad, crazy old world, has felt a warm flush creep over her rosy cheeks and a romantic thrill rush through her entire being as she sang,

"I'm not goin' to marry any farmer's boy,  
Who drives a four-mule team;

I'm goin' to marry some railroad man,  
Who rolls his wheels with steam."

However, to those actually employed in the railroad industry, and therefore in a position to know it for what it actually is, there is very little about the nature of the work that appeals to them as fascinating or romantic. As a rule people find very little romance or fascination in working amid innumerable dangers, among people who are ever "knocking" one another, enduring untold hardships, ruining their health by working irregular hours, eating irregular meals and sleeping irregular "naps," all for wages that are pitifully inadequate to provide them with the means of living a decent and enjoyable life, even had they the time and opportunity of doing so.

The prevailing belief among a large portion of our people is that railroad workers are about the most highly and strongly organized of any of the many classes of wage-earners in this country, that their working conditions are ideal, and that the

wages paid them in return for their services are so great that the average railroad worker barely has time during his off-hours to count his money. As one who has worked in a number of different branches, different positions and different capacities of railroading for several years, it is my purpose in writing this article to explode this misleading and fallacious belief, shared by so many people. Greater stress shall be laid in the following paragraphs on the system of organization that prevails among railroad workers than on any of the other topics, for the simple reason that it is always due to the organization or lack of organization that workers in any industry or any branch of industry are successful or unsuccessful in their struggle for a living against the greed of their employers.

Instead of being one of the most highly organized of American industries, the railroad industry is and always has been an "open shop" industry. A man may go to work in any department of railroading, and work there all the rest of his life, if he so wishes without joining any labor organization whatever—with the exception of a few roads which, since the shopmen's strike, now have a requirement that all mechanical workers shall belong to a "company union."

Their organizations, such as they have, are, and have always been, more detrimental than helpful to the advance of the workers' welfare. The railroad industry is a typical and vivid example of craft unionism and its futile methods of functioning—craft unionism, in all its uselessness and rottenness, with all its prejudices, dissensions and "jurisdictional disputes."

It is due to that system of organization—or, more properly speaking, DIS-ORGANIZATION, that the railroad workers have suffered all the set-backs, reverses, miseries and defeats that have been suffered by them; it is due to that system that they are in such a miserable and deplorable plight today.

That system has built sixteen different walls, dividing the workers into sixteen different "craft unions"—sixteen different "crafts" and "trades," each with its own false pride, vain egotism and innumerable little prejudices and jealousies against all the other "crafts"—sixteen little pedestals of caste, upon each of which sit the members of that particular "craft," looking down, with sneering contempt, upon those "crafts" that are less fortunate than themselves, and upward with spiteful envy upon the more fortunate ones. From the section men to the locomotive engineers, each separate class of workers is an egotistic, arrogant and disgusting caste, in every sense of the word, having no co-operation and but very little sympathy for any of the other "crafts."

That system is good for nothing but to keep the workers divided and to foster conceit, arrogance and prejudice between the various classes of workers, and even among workers of a single craft. I have before me a copy of the Machinists' Journal for May, 1924, in which I find an article by J. F. Anderson, vice-president of the International As-

sociation of Machinists, in which he attributes many of the reverses recently suffered by that organization to the large numbers of machinists admitted into that organization during the period of Federal control; "war babies" he contemptuously calls them. Thus we see here an endeavor on the part of an organization official to create prejudice and ill feeling even among the members of his own organization.

That system of organization is responsible for the fact that the railroad workers have never won a strike of any importance during their entire history. The heads of the various organizations which make up that system have deliberately and willfully brought about the defeat of every effort that has ever been made by the railroad workers to get together and accomplish anything really worth while. They killed the ARU in 1894; they broke the Switchmen's Strike in 1920, in a manner that will be an indelible blot of shame on the darkest pages of the history of craft unionism as long as time lasts; they kept the various classes of railroad workers from pulling a general strike in the fall of 1921; they caused the shopmen to meet with a humiliating defeat in 1922.

Under this system of organization, when the wage slaves in any particular branch of the railroad industry go on strike their fellow slaves in the other "crafts" are left on the job to render whatever and as much assistance to the bosses as is within their power.

And this is the system of organization that the railroad workers have with which to combat one of the most powerful organizations of plutocracy that ever existed in this or any other country. Pitted against the workers is the entire force and full strength of the railroad management, not only on one particular road where they may happen to be on strike, but on all the roads throughout the country, backed by the bankers, the manufacturers, the Chambers of Commerce, and all the other gigantic aggregations and organizations of wealth and greed; with the strong arm of the state and nation, the militia, the army, the courts, and all the other numerous "officers of the law," and institutions of "government"—always held in reserve, ready to be called into action if and when needed. Of course there can always be but one outcome to such an uneven struggle.

Observe some of the consequences:

The wages of railroad workers are lower than the wages paid to men performing the same class of work in any other industry. Approximately 400,000 of them—the section men and shop laborers—are paid less than \$3.00 per day. Approximately another 400,000—the shops crafts—are paid wages ranging from \$3.92 to \$5.76 per day—the latter figure being the wage paid to the most highly skilled mechanics. Even the mighty locomotive engineer receives less than \$8.00 per day, for all his responsibility, all the exposure which he must endure, all the risks he must run and all the dangers he must brave.

(Continued on page 26)

# Readers Boost The Pioneer

LISTEN to what the Marine Worker, of May 15th, has to say about the Industrial Pioneer: "The May issue of the Industrial Pioneer is an unusually good number. It is chockfull of interesting articles about the labor movement. An article of exceptional interest to MTW men is 'Oh, For the Life of a Sailor.' Be sure to get a few copies of the Pioneer before going to sea."

To this add the praise of E. H. C., Pittsburg, Pa., as follows:

"The Pioneer is certainly the very magazine that every worker should read. It is getting better every day in every way. May the good work continue upward and onward."

And then listen to this from R. H., Denver, Colo.:

"The Pioneer for June was fine. I have not missed an issue and I would not know what to do if I should miss one."

Card No. 365,393 writes in this strain from Casper, Wyoming:

"I wish to congratulate you on the success you have made on the Pioneer. I hear nothing but praise for it and am glad to hear that you are back on the job again."

H. G. W., Oakland, Calif., joins the swelling chorus in this wise:

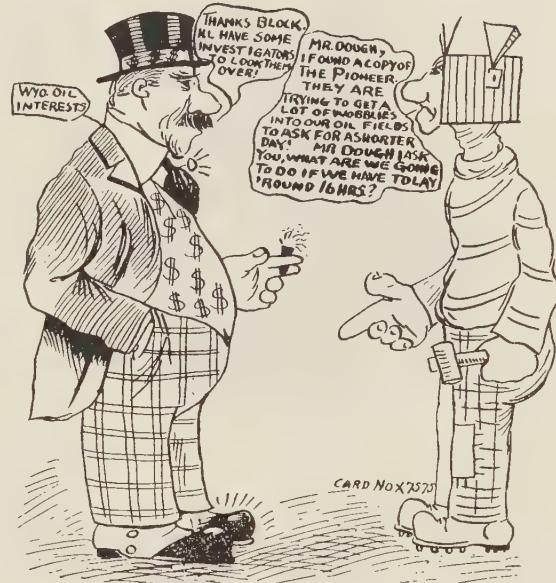
"I understand just how hard you people work to turn out the Pioneer. I think you always succeed so splendidly. The May Day number was a good one from cover design to the last page. I wish you and every one of the staff continued good health and success."

From the Sacramento, California, county jail, G. H. writes:

"Fellow workers here in this can are sure a bunch of boosters for the Pioneer. They say it can't be beat as an industrial magazine. With more power to you, for a bigger and better organization, and more education for the workers."

The Pioneer wants more boosters, not only in the can, but wherever workers are employed, live, congregate, assemble in meetings, and otherwise move and have their being. The Pioneer needs advertising; it needs circulation. It can get both if you pass your copy 'round among your friends and fellow workers. Send for sample copies; we'll help you, too.

Get your fellow workers interested. Call their attention to the articles on unemployment; on the danger of commercial wars; and on the many other important subjects of working class interest. Tell them of its propaganda for industrial unionism, and its many other organizing features. Tell them of



AN AWFUL PROBLEM

its pictures and its stories from working class life. Get them to know the Pioneer and they will want to read it.

The subscription is only 50 cents for three months; \$1.00 for six months; and \$2 for one year! We give a copy of Ralph Chaplin's poems, "Bars and Shadows" for three one year subs.

## NOSTALGIA

By GENEVIEVE LOUISA LYNCH

[This little poem, descriptive of the homesickness of the farmer driven off the farm into the city of Chicago, is timely. It fits into this special agricultural workers' number very appropriately.]

At Sixty-third and Halsted Streets  
All night the noises ebb and flow;  
Like a great swinging pendulum  
The people come, the people go.

One knows not if the moon is full,  
One never sees the evening star;  
But all the lurid street-lamps flare,  
And trolleys pass with clash and jar.

And in a hoarse and strident voice  
The newsboy calls the day's bequest—  
A bank's door closed, a girl found dead,  
A politician laid to rest.

But through the solemn woods at home  
The katydids and crickets shrill,  
Persimmons ripen with the frost,  
And sumach flames on every hill.



## James P. Thompson

Famous as an IWW orator and prominent in 1912 Lawrence strike, is now on a speaking tour taking in cities from coast to coast.

Thompson is speaking under the auspices of the General Defense Committee. His subject is "The Prison-Shadow on Labor." It discusses the Centralia Armistice tragedy, and the long series of persecutions of IWW members under the Criminal Syndicalism law of California and other states.

Thompson will speak in Chicago, Ill., on July 4. From there he will proceed eastward, by way of Detroit, July 6; Cleveland, July 7; Buffalo, July 8; Schenectady, July 13. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Worcester dates will be announced later.

Thompson opened his tour at Spokane, Wash., under most auspicious conditions. Despite the revoking of a permit for the use of the Lewis and Clark high school auditorium, he spoke in the church there before an audience that packed the main floor and balcony. Sentiment was good; collection liberal. He reports good meetings all along the route. Help to make his coming meetings also successful.

Other cross-continent tours may also be arranged.

### "OF COURSE THERE'LL BE ANOTHER WAR"

In the opinion of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, as voiced by C. A. Livingston, assistant to the president, there will be another war. He spoke in the La Salle Hotel to the National Aero-nautic Association. "We have," he added, "some pacifists here in Cook County, but, of course, there will be war."

### OVERHEARD AT THE PICNIC

1st Speaker—Are you a Finnish IWW?

2nd Speaker—No; but I am an IWW to the finish.

## A Jest

By LISA

OLD Lady Life has strange gifts  
In her rag-bag carry all.  
You can hear her cackle indecently as she  
hands them around.

There is an Italian man—  
His name is Bartolomeo Vanzetti.  
He has a round face, and genial drooping mustache,  
But his eyes are gaunt with love  
For that Old Harridan.  
Mostly he is sober, but when he smiles  
A thousand sunbeams dance a jig around him.  
He is a man who hates all moneyed things.  
Joy comes to him through velvet, starless nights  
And yellow days;  
Through those, his masters first, and now his friends,  
He served in solitude—  
Karl Marx, and young Rousseau,  
And Tolstoy, Dante, and Garibaldi  
And many hundred others.  
Joy comes to him through teaching brother-love  
And freedom to those slaves,  
Whose slavery tears his heart.  
He has no hate for little things  
Like men and gods—  
But most, most bitterly he hates  
That ceaseless, grinding mill  
That some call capital and others greed—  
That grinding, grinding, grinding, night and day  
Crushes those men he loves to nameless dust.  
His life was crowded out of time for love  
Of women.  
But children used to crawl upon his back  
To tweak his hair, and like a bear  
He'd growl and shake them off  
And they would scream with laughter and climb  
back.  
Sometimes he was a laborer, a cook,  
A dish wiper behind a dirty bench.  
He fished, he was a porter, kept a store,  
And times he roamed about from place to place  
Just living.  
A dish of raviola and a not too good cigar  
Made Plato all the sweeter  
To Vanzetti.

Wouldn't you think that shameless Old Spinster  
Would be generous to a man like that?  
She cackled indecently and pawed through her rag-  
bag carry-all  
Then she handed out a conviction of  
Murder in the First Degree  
For a particularly bloody business.  
The Old Lady has a wry sense of humor.

PUSH THE PIONEER. GIVE US ADVERTISING  
AND CIRCULATION! SEND FOR SAMPLE COPIES;  
GIVE US SUBSCRIBERS AND THEN MORE  
SUBSCRIPTIONS STILL. 50 CENTS FOR 3  
MONTHS

# The Causes of Unemployment

By JUSTUS EBERT

An address delivered at a meeting of unemployed, held at Moose Temple, South Bend, Indiana, May 31st, 8 P. M.

## INTRODUCTORY

South Bend is the second largest city in Indiana. About 100 miles east of Chicago on the Lake Shore railroad, it is a typical industrial center, with its many problems of unemployment and organization.

It is here the Studebaker Bros. began the manufacture of farm wagons at a crossroad some 60 years ago; and, after various expansions and changes finally became the Studebaker Auto Corporation. The latter has its main plant at South Bend and employs approximately from 10,000 to 14,000 workers there, as conditions demand.

It has always been the policy of the corporation to employ men who became home owners on the installment plan. This has tended to make South Bend a city of home guards. A home guard is one who guards his little home against anything tending to prevent installment payments or its upkeep in other ways.

As a result, home guards are afraid to join a labor union for fear of discharge; and, for the same reason, submit to wage cuts and other indignities without protest.

Last February the Studebaker corporation inaugurated a series of drastic cuts in piece work rates. Some of these cuts were as high as 70 per cent. The employes, already hard worked, were blandly informed that they could make up the difference by increased output.

Some of them, however, called on Metal Workers' Industrial Union No. 440, to come to South Bend to organize in protest against these extreme reductions. "Four-forty" responded and some Studebaker employees were organized into the South Bend branch, as a result.

Handbills announcing meetings were circulated in the plant. The foremen took notice of the agitation and the superintendent became interested. And on the heels of the activities described, there came a restoration of 30 per cent in some of the highest cuts; this concession is attributed to the work of organization, thus barely begun.

Recently the Studebaker plant has all but completely closed down. Overproduction is said to be the cause. Employes say that even floor space in departments not devoted to the purpose is used to

store autos in; such is the surplus production. This has affected organization in the plant adversely.

In addition to the Studebaker plant, the Oliver Plow Works and the Singer Sewing Machine Co. are also located in South Bend. At this writing, the former, with 3,000 employes, is also almost shut down; though conditions in the latter, with 4,500, are somewhat better; though also bad. It is estimated that between 13,000 and 15,000 workers are idle in South Bend.

For a city of about 90,000 population, this is a serious condition. The big stores complain of a drop in business. Small retailers talk of selling out; and the workers who are not tied down are seeking employment elsewhere. Nevertheless, there are many South Benders who believe that this condition will only be of short duration, and that soon the plants will be in operation again.

With the exception of some building trades, South Bend is almost wholly unorganized.

It is amid such conditions that "440" is pushing industrial unionism and holding unemployed meetings. It is amid such conditions that the following address was delivered.

## WHY UNEMPLOYMENT?

THE subject of unemployment is a very important and far-reaching one. It is the symptom of a deep-seated disease, that is attended with many very grave complications.

Unemployment affects not only the wages, hours, conditions and standards of living of the workers in South Bend and elsewhere, but is also reflective of developments that may ultimately affect the peace of the world and end in another world-wide war, worse than the one that has recently afflicted civilization.

It is therefore necessary that we give the subject our serious attention, for not until we realize its profundity will we be able to grasp its significance and act accordingly.

What is unemployment? Every worker knows what unemployment is. It's the loss of a job. It's the lack of work. It's idleness without wages, or the wherewith to pay the taxes, rent, food, clothes, light, medicine and other bills of the family. It means, if long continued, destitution and starvation for multitudes.

Just now many, very many, thousands of workers are unemployed in every industrial center in the land. Steel mills, auto plants, open hearth furnaces, electrical equipment manufacturing works, textile mills, shoe factories, iron foundries, in fact almost every kind of industrial enterprise, is laying off employees. So are the railroads and the mines. The railroads alone have laid off a quarter of a million employees since last August.

During the past week, Chicago newspapers reported that industry had slowed down 16 per cent, as a whole; while some specific industries, like the steel industry, for instance, were operating only 65 per cent of capacity.

It is this wide-spread laying off of employees that gives rise to these large numbers of unemployed and to the unemployment now so general.

But let us ask, why these layoffs? Why this curtailment of industry; this terrific reduction in capacity production? Why this abnormal condition of affairs on all sides, regardless of section, or state or city?

In answer we are told many things. For one thing, we are told, that this is a presidential year; that unsettled conditions always prevail during presidential years, and that industry always slows down pending the results of election. Some also contend that unemployment is part of an attempt to influence election results in favor of big business.

If the latter is the case, then it must be confessed that the democracy which is said to rule this land is in a decidedly perilous condition; is, in fact, dead and buried.

But the causes of industrial curtailment are undoubtedly not of a political nature. They surely are not of an anti-Republican nature, or such as would threaten the overthrow of the present national administration. The administration is decidedly conservative and though it is torn by discreditable exposés, it in no way threatens the safety of big business. Thus there is no sound reason for desiring its undoing by upsetting industry and business in general, thus bringing such pressure to bear as will lead to its defeat and overthrow.

Nor is there any danger from the Democrats. They are as much like the Republicans as two peas in a pod. And as for the third party movement, that is not strong enough to unseat the Republican or Democrat parties, nor do harm to both.

For these and other reasons which will develop later on, we may dismiss the argument that unemployment is due to politics. Politics do not cause unemployment, especially the dominant politics. Had there been a different brand of politics likely to gain federal control to the injury of big business, the argument might have been true; but as no such danger threatens we must conclude that there is nothing to this argument; that there is nothing to support or sustain it.

As a consequence, we must look elsewhere than to politics for the cause of curtailment, layoffs and unemployment. We must dig deeper, much deeper,

in fact; for politics are only reflections of industrial conditions instead of vice versa.

Some years ago President Harding appointed a commission to find out ways and means to end industrial curtailment and unemployment. It was recognized that business, or industry, is affected by alternating periods of good and bad times. It was the duty of the Harding commission to study these so-called business cycles and to abolish them, if possible.

These facts are recalled in order to make more evident still, if possible, that unemployment is not political but periodical and consequently it makes no difference which party is in power; it is bound to come and come it will, in spite of them all. We had unemployment and hard times in 1913-1914, which were not presidential years, and when President Woodrow Wilson was in office. We had them again in 1921, another non-presidential year when President Harding was in the White House. And now we have them again, in 1924, under President Coolidge. Politicians may come and politicians may go, but unemployment and hard times are still with us.

What, then, is really the cause of curtailment and unemployment?

Overproduction, comes back the answer, just like that! The mills, auto plants, etc., produce too much and, as a result, they must be shut down until their surplus stocks are disposed of.

All this no doubt is partly true. There is no doubt that the industrial equipment of this country can produce more than is required, or than can be bought and paid for, and consumed. But why is this so? Why is this the case?

The Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, cites some facts tending to show the overdeveloped nature of production in this country; a production whose capacity is simply overwhelming. Says he:

"Some industries were so overdeveloped during the war that nothing can be done to warrant their full-time operation in peace-time production, since such production could not possibly be marketed either at home, or, at present, abroad.

"The bituminous coal industry is both overdeveloped and overmanned. They are capable of producing over a billion tons of coal a year, which is about twice what we consume.

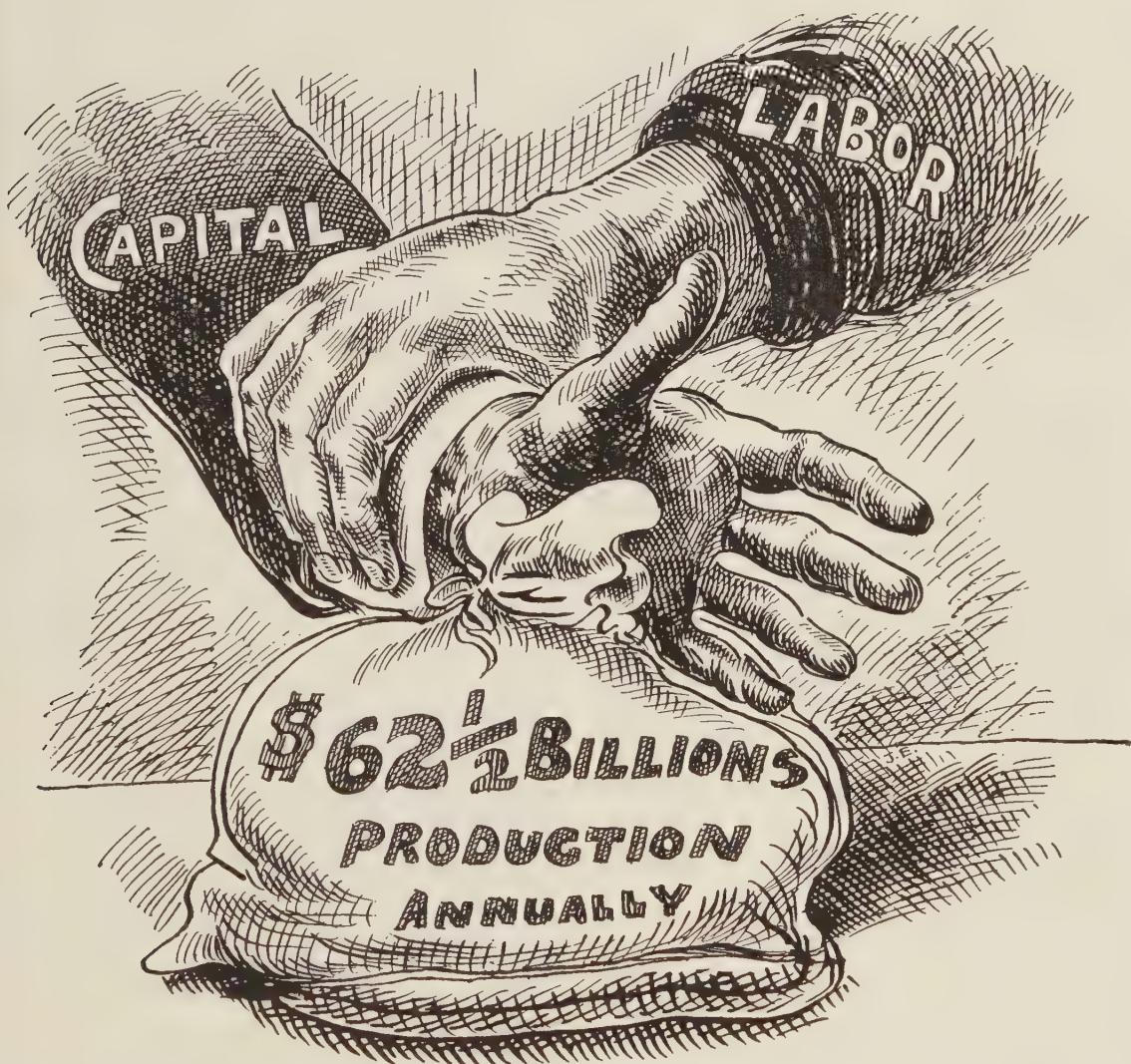
"We can produce in seven months all the iron and steel needed for a year, and if all the plants were made as efficient as our best plants, our steel and iron requirements could be produced with one-third the men now employed.

"In the window glass industry the hand blowing factories seventeen weeks out of the year, can produce all the window glass than can be sold; but if the machine window glass plants were to decide to operate at full capacity 80 per cent of the time there would be no hand blown window glass factories.

"In boots and shoes we have a capacity of 758,000,000 pairs to produce a salable product of 325,000,000. If all shoe factories would do what Endi-

# HANDS OFF!

WHEN LABOR ORGANIZES TO GIVE THAT COMMAND, UNEMPLOYMENT AND WAR WILL BE NO MORE



cott-Johnson is doing and get 12 pairs of shoes per employe per day, 25 per cent of the men now employed in the industry could produce all the footwear we need."

We might go on multiplying these quotations from Secretary of Labor Davis. They go to show once more that politics have nothing to do with unemployment. No matter who is president, whether Democrat or Republican, Farmer-Labor or Communist, as long as the industrial equipment of the land is overdeveloped, overmanned, and its products underconsumed, we will have overproduction and unemployment. Under the circumstances, they are inevitable, no matter which party rules.

Despite this, let us go a little deeper into this phase of our discussion. Let us seek to find what

is at the bottom of this vast overdevelopment, with its vast overproduction. Why is there underconsumption? Why is there not as much consumed as there is produced?

Has every family in the country got an auto? Has every small storekeeper and business man got a motor truck? Has every farmer got a tractor and up-to-date equipment? Has his wife and all other housewives got an up-to-the-minute sewing machine, wash machine, or any of the other thousand and one electrical equipments needed for household work? Are there no ragged, badly shod men, women and children in need of better clothes, footwear and other wearing apparel, including hats, ties, shirts, underwear, etc.? With so many shacks, slums and furnished room houses to be seen on all sides in the

big cities, has the limit for cottages and apartment houses been reached? Is there no more need for good roads and other internal developments? Are the railroads supplied up to all requirements with rails and equipment? In brief, what's the matter with consumption that it does not keep pace with production? Why is it that for every dollar's worth of value produced there is not another dollar of value in wages wherewith to buy and consume it?

When we answer these questions we will learn why so many are unemployed and why it is that industry is overdeveloped, overmanned and overproductive, regardless of the political party in control, or seeking to secure control. We'll also learn some other things, such as the cause of imperialism, war and so on.

Let's begin with some bank figures. Bank figures, as a rule, are in keeping with the Volstead amendment. That is, they are very dry. Nevertheless, like some of the products of the wets, brewed despite the amendment, they are also very illuminating and instructive, if not destructive of myths and fallacies.

According to figures published by the National City Bank of New York, the largest bank in the country, production in this country in 1919, amounted to \$62,500,000,000. Of this vast amount, \$10,000,000,000 was paid in wages.

Now then, just think that over. Let those figures sink into your head. Here are some 30 or more millions of wage-earners in this country getting only one-sixth of what they produce in wages. Under the circumstances, how can they buy the other five-sixths and consume it? And where do the other five-sixths go to?

They go to the owners of industry, the capitalist and ultra-capitalist class; the men and women who own and control the big corporations—the strategic capital—of the country. They live in wasteful, extravagant luxury, owning many residences, in various parts of the country; sustaining great hotels and pleasure resorts, like Palm Beach; traveling in palatial autos, Pullmans and sumptuous steamships; and dissipating their excessive returns from industry, in a large number of other ways, many of which are lawless and degenerating, a la Harry Thaw.

They also reinvest part of these excessive returns in more enterprises. For, try as they may, they cannot "blow in" all of them. So back into industry they go, in the form of new capital. That is, to the already overdeveloped industrial equipment of the country they add more equipment. And to the overproduction already in existence they add more overproduction. Thus we come to have overdevelopment, overproduction, underconsumption and no work.

Now consider what would happen if those 30 millions or more workers got another ten billions of the returns from industry that now go to the comparatively few capitalists.

Or consider what would happen to them if their

hours were cut in half and 15,000,000 more wage workers were thereby added to the pay roll!

With another ten billions of dollars in their pockets, the 30 millions or more wage workers in this country could double their purchasing power and thereby consume twice as much as they do now.

With their hours cut in half, they could add 15,000,000 more workers to the pay roll and thereby increase purchasing power and consumption in the same proportions. In brief, with increased wages and reduced hours, paid for out of the values expropriated, misused and misinvested by the capitalist class, the 30,000,000 or more wage workers in this country could set industry a-humming, create a demand for labor and bring prosperity back to all of us once more.

But to increase wages and reduce hours requires intelligent organization on the part of the millions of wage-earners. Employers, as a rule, don't care about the individual worker. The individual worker can be easily replaced. Not so, however, the armies of workers employed in industry according to the requirements of industry. They are a factor that must always be reckoned with. This is shown in the great care taken to maintain and retain their loyalty and devotion. It is shown in every big withdrawal of labor from shop or plant, pending the settlement of grievances. Then heaven and earth are moved to get the workers back on the job, offering every kind of bait, promising concessions and otherwise cajoling or intimidating them.

Intelligent organization of the workers in industry, according to industry, is just what it says. It means the putting aside of trade, color, race, religious or other distinctions in order to create a solid organization. It means organization just as the workers work. All the auto workers in an auto plant organize that plant as auto workers. All in an agricultural machine plant as agricultural machine workers. And all combine together in a metal workers' industrial union, there to unite with the unions of other industrial workers, similarly organized.

This is the day of big scale organization. Wherever you look in industry, you see big corporations, big banking groups,—big enterprises of every kind. These create big production, big underconsumption, big problems. They can only be offset and counteracted in all their evils by a big labor organization, proportionately conceived and carried into practical execution. Such labor organization is industrial unionism. It organizes the workers according to industry instead of trades; and for the emancipation of labor, as well as its improvement under the present system.

Either the workers must exert themselves to get more wages and less hours, by way of industrial unionism, or else they must prepare to meet more serious problems, indeed.

As the first of our quotations from Secretary of Labor Davis shows, peace-time production "could not possibly be marketed either at home, or at pres-



Literature and Newsstand in Hall,  
New Orleans Branch, Marine  
Transport Workers' Industrial Un-  
ion. Increase Them Everywhere!

ent, abroad." That is, conditions are deemed so bad as to make overseas trade impossible of very great expansion.

Nevertheless, despite this contention by the Secretary of Labor, there are men prominent in the world of capital who advocate the seeking of more markets outside of this country; and who, to this end, would lower wages, lengthen hours and reduce the standard of working class living here.

We all know what this means: it means war: war not only on working class conditions at home, but war on other nations abroad.

President Woodrow Wilson in his famous St. Louis speech, said that the cause of modern war is commercial rivalry; and we know that commercial rivalry is born of overproduction and the need for world markets. And so, we appear to be facing another great crisis, not only industrial but international as well.

The markets of Asia, especially those of China, with its half-billion population, are among the biggest possibilities in the world's markets. Already the leading newspapers of this country bristle with intimations of the necessity for a war with Japan, who seems intent on a monopoly of China, if possible. Immigration discrimination is believed by many to be only the beginning leading to this deplorable end, namely, war between Japan and the USA.

Under the circumstances, which is it that labor prefers, greater wages and more markets at home, or war and destruction abroad, with all that that program implies?

**More wages, less hours and peace at home or lower wages, longer hours, commercial rivalry and war abroad, such are the problems that overproduction and its evils create.**

More wages and the increased consumption of US production on the North American continent, have many friends to boost them. Even among conservatives it is realized that the tens of millions of wage workers in this country provide the very best market for its products. They accordingly, favor increased wages and then more wages still.

Mr. George Branting, writing in "Wall Street Magazine," declares: "A liberal economic viewpoint will indicate that the higher the wages, the greater the spending power and the more firmly secured

our economic position. The safeguard of this nation does not consist of holding wages down but rather the reverse."

Thus, labor's slogan should be "More wages, ever more wages," until it gets all that it produces; with the result that it will be able to consume it all.

And likewise with hours. The best scientific thought, like that expressed by Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, for instance, sees a four-hour day coming. So does Edison; and more recently so do modern industrial engineers.

The four-hour day in the near future was predicted by Arthur B. Jones at a "Human Engineering" conference in New York City, which was attended by 150 delegates from 13 Eastern colleges. Jones explained that the present output of industrialized concerns, if properly systematized with due regard to the workmen, could be produced in half the time it now takes.

Let us organize industrially then, for more wages and less hours. Only by means of industrial unionism will the workers get these immense advantages and be in tune with modern progressive tendencies. The workers that are unorganized are unheard and unsung. They are oppressed, enslaved and destroyed.

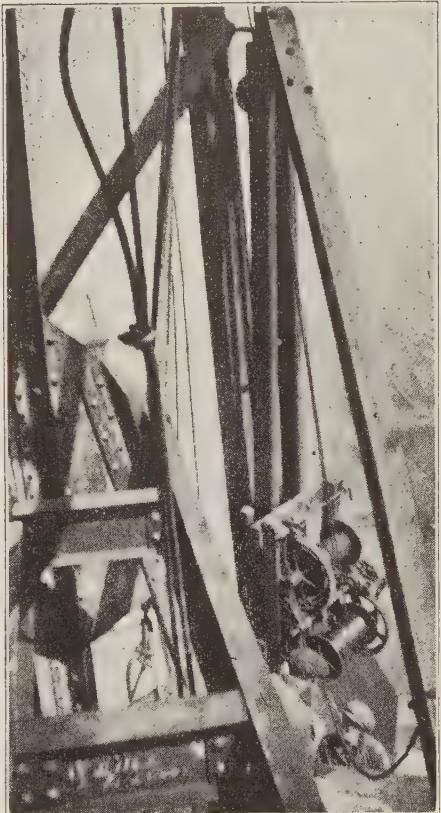
So let us, as industrial workers, organize. Let us go forth from here to proclaim to our fellow workers, the necessity for more wages and less hours, in order that we may be placed in a position to get rid of overproduction and provide ourselves with more employment. Let us impress them with the necessity of getting together in order that we may be factors of importance in modern affairs and not merely dumb-driven cattle.

Above all, let us build and circulate the workers' press. Let us place ourselves in a position to be heard through our own organs in our own way. Let us place our program in print for the consideration of our fellow workers everywhere and to the end that our cause may grow and triumph throughout industry,—all industry.

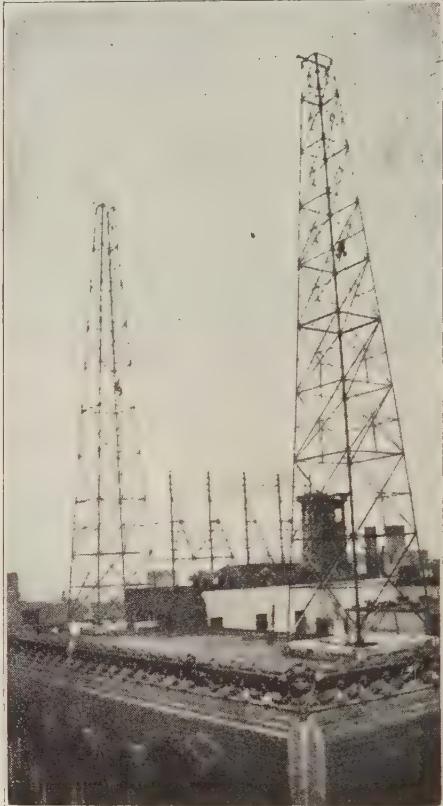
Rally round the Industrial Union. Organize industrially.

All for one and one for all.

Organize, organize before it is too late.



Working at Dizzy Heights



Painting Wireless Towers



16th Street Bascule Bridge  
(Longest Single in World)

Chicago structures erected  
and painted by members and  
friends of Industrial Workers  
of the World.

"Paddy" Morrin, AFL struc-  
tural iron official, denounces the  
IWWs as "un-American."

These are samples of their  
"un-Americanism."





\$16 Million Strauss Building



North from Strauss Tower

Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330 has increased 100 per cent recently. They rejoice in their growth. Their press is exposing Morrin; hence his barks.

Photos by IWW members.

They are good photographers, too.



Chicago River Bridges Upraised  
(Foreground, Lake Carrier)

# Railroad Work and Railroad Workers

(Continued from page 16)

The railroad workers are subjected to a more rigid discipline, more humiliating rules of order, than perhaps any other class of workers in civilian life. Pick up a book of rules and read some of the rules governing the conduct of railroad employes. They read more like the regulations of some kind of military establishment than the working rules of wage workers in one of the supposedly most highly organized industries. And, to cap it all, they are constantly dogged and spied on by "railroad detectives," finks, stoolpigeons and divers other species of vermin in human shape that ever infest their midst.

In the meantime, while this pitiable state of affairs goes on—while railroad workers who have always been "union men in good standing" are suffering from wage cuts, lay-offs, and other such reverses at the hands of the railroad kings—Grand Chief Warren S. Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, continues to establish banks and operate "yellow dog" coal mines; William H. Johnston, president of the Machinists, goes ahead with his plan of turning his organization, and the men whom he has the DIS-honor to MIS-represent into an adjunct of "efficiency" and "co-operation" to the railroad corporations, whenever and wherever he can get the officials of a railroad company to listen to him; the infamous and stinking Bill Lee, of the Trainmen, watches and listens, with both eyes open and both ears stuck up, for an opportunity to break another strike—and all the other officials of all the other "organizations" are doing likewise.

How long—O how long—are the railroad workers going to put up with this rotten, abominable and inefficient system? As long as it exists—as long as the workers continue to separate themselves into organizations of CASTE and PREJUDICE—as long as the members of one "craft" continue to bind themselves by "sacred agreements" to scab on the members of other crafts—as long as they continue to allow themselves to be thus divided and disrupted—just so long will their necks be held tight and fast in the strangling yoke of industrial bondage to tyrannizing autocrats.

Railroad workers, one and all, whether you are yet beginning to realize it or not, you have only one great common interest, namely, better conditions and a better living out of life in return for your labor. It matters not what you may be doing—whether you are a section man or an engineer, a coal shoveler or conductor—you are all equally interested in one common cause, involved in a struggle with one common enemy, suffering from one common injury and affliction—all of you and all of us. Why not then, be bound together with the bonds of one common sympathy; why not tear down the many walls of craft unionism that have so long

divided us, and under the glorious and courageous banner of INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, press forward, conquering as we go, into our very own.

Railroad workers, a new world unfolds itself to our view; a world of security, prosperity and peace; a world where envy, hatred and greed are not; a world of brotherhood, fraternity, fellowship, love and truth; a world belonging to LABOR, and where naught but LABOR counts. Shall we go? Railroad Workers' Industrial Union 520, of the Industrial Workers of the World points to the only safe and sure way for railroad workers to travel, if they wish to get there.

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## O Servile Slaves!

MORTON KOMINERS

SERVILE slaves of industry,  
Do you not long to be free?

Who is it that the rich soil tills,  
Who builds them and who works the mills;  
If you had courage and were brave,  
Would you still be a servile slave?

You work long hours in the mines,  
Meanwhile your boss in plenty dines,  
While your wife cleans his tainted clothes,  
Against a grindstone is your nose.

Servile slaves of industry,  
Do you not long to be free?

You feel the furnace's hot breath,  
Within each steel mill lies your death,  
Aside each cauldron you must bake,  
Oh, Slave, when will your spirit wake?

Whose brain is it that guides each tool?  
It is your brain, submissive fool;  
You bear each wrong without appeal,  
You kiss the boss' iron heel.

Servile slaves of industry,  
Do you not long to be free?

When from each day's hard work you creep,  
Your only solace lies in sleep,  
You work and don't know where you're at,  
Just for a dirty autocrat.

Then when you finally succumb,  
Within your coffin, still you're dumb;  
Dumb as you were in toilful life,  
Dumb as you were in servile strife.

Servile slaves of industry,  
Do you not long to be free?



# Industrial Unionism in Building Industry

By DEL. B4-11

**How it appeals to the various crafts in the East—Workers alive to trade union's weaknesses and corrupt officialdom—Oppose color line also.**

**T**HE question of organization among the industrial workers of the eastern section of the country is often raised. In eastern industries there are millions of exploited slaves in the factories, shops and mills. The greatest part of them are working for starvation wages. Something must be done to get these workers to realize the necessity of organization.

As a building construction worker, employed in the great metropolitan district of New York City, with its ten or more millions of inhabitants, it will be my purpose to say something of this situation and the way to remedy it.

"Yes, it's very good. I feel it is the right kind of a union! But the 'organized' building tradesmen cannot comprehend the necessity for it, because they belong to various trades unions, which unions they believe are upholding their wages as well as reducing the hours of the workday."

This is the consensus of opinion about industrial unionism heard among the workers in the building industry inclined to think some; at least here in New York city and vicinity. And there can be no question but that the above ideas exist among the building workers. Some of them believe that their conditions are so good that they need no betterment. And with others the wages are supposed to be so high and so great that they don't know how and where to spend them. But this is not by any means actually so, as there are thousands of families of building workers that are daily deprived of the most needed necessities of life, because thousands of them are in the army of the unemployed; while the masters' dailies are picturing the wonderful prosperity in existence in the building industry at the present time. (It may be stated that prosperity has run amuck, but it has done so mainly among the contractors, material dealers, jobbers, real-estate speculators and the like grafters, who are always ready and willing to suck the life blood out of the workers by any and all means.)

Still another fallacy is that of union control, so-

called. We hear a great deal about it. By union control we understand the control by the union of every man on the job, regardless of occupation. When this matter is analyzed according to the facts we find that on many supposedly union jobs, there are men working in all occupations who never belonged to any union but who, through the boss, hold their jobs by various means, as well as by tipping the union delegate. And, by the way, the delegates seldom speak to any of the union men. They usually visit the boss, who often stands with his back to the delegate and his hands behind!

The master class, of course, with the help of their various kind of union tools, have realized the above facts. They are certainly keeping pace with the situation as well as keeping the slaves thinking on the lines that are of benefit to the master class. There are the theaters, movies, newspapers, magazines, and books of a thousand and one different kinds that keep the workers busy thinking on the lines suggested in and by the masters' organs—when they think at all!

## Craft Unions and Race Lines

Not only are the craft unions helping the employing class to keep the workers in ignorance but they are creating hatred among the workers towards each other, especially so on national and color lines.

It may be interesting to mention an occasion where, on "a union job" a bunch of "union carpenters" threatened to strike when the foreman hired two colored carpenters. And mind you, at least one of these colored carpenters was a "union carpenter," belonging to the same brotherhood of carpenters and joiners as the brothers that they were going to strike against if they were put to work. This was done regardless of the colored men's protests and explanations of being members of the same union.

The colored men had to look for another master.

Perhaps, where the "union carpenters" are not agitated so badly by the color prejudice, or the fear of the boss is not so great in them, they haven't the courage to object against whatever the boss and

the "union" delegate decide is final on color lines.

This is the kind of unionism the "great A. F. of L." is composed of; there is no doubt, however, that the great majority of the workers in the craft unions are honest and well meaning. Yet that does not justify the existence of craft unions for the workers' benefit.

#### Contentions of the IWW

We contend that even if the officials and delegates of the craft unions were ever so honest, and even if the jobs were strictly under the craft union control, that such unions are wornout, and grown powerless at the point of production. The points we make against them are as follows:

1st: Wherever the officialdom dictates in union affairs and the job conditions of the workers, there the workers lose out.

2nd: Wherever the workers are divided into 16 or more unions in any one industry, there the bosses win out.

3rd: Wherever time contracts are signed to guarantee the boss a certain amount of labor power for a certain period of time, there is a condition absolutely detrimental to the workers' interest.

In explaining these "wherevers" we will say, that we know from experience that it is as bad as putting the workers on the block to sell, to permit AFL officials to dictate how and under what conditions the workers should work. These officials are practically ignorant of the conditions on the job, on account of having been in office for years. In some cases, they have never been wage workers in the industry in which they presume to act. History amply proves that they, consequently, act against the welfare of the workers for whom their deals are made.

Second, where the workers are divided into many craft unions in one industry, and the conditions become such with a craft that they cannot longer delay bringing their grievances to the masters and are forced to strike in order to gain their demands, the other crafts continue working. The result is that they often do the work of the strikers as well as their own. They are thereby helping the boss in defeating the strikers and, naturally, injuring the cause of their fellow workers, as well as their own.

But where there is only one union, which includes all the workers in that industry the case is different. When any part of them have any grievances, they all have grievances. In the event that they are forced to strike, they all strike, leaving no one behind to help the boss, or scab. This will bring results to the workers.

Third, wherever a time contract is signed with the boss by the union, binding the workers to work for him a certain number of years for the agreed wages and conditions, the workers are sold outright. They are helpless, no matter how fast the cost of living is rising. Nor how unhealthy and injurious the jobs may be. This in itself plainly proves our contentions.

Agreements can be made with the boss, but no time limit must be made. Whenever an opportunity offers itself and the workers feel that they are not getting enough wages, or that they are worked too long hours, the workers should and must use that opportunity to their own advantage and demand and take as much as they possibly can get; particularly, what is necessary for their welfare and comfort.

Of course, at no time will the workers get anything unless they use direct action, that is action by the workers directly, and which does not notify the boss in advance when striking. Always decide it quickly and do it ourselves. Certainly, strike and keep on striking till we have all that belongs to us.

As stated in the first part of this article, even the building workers are sympathetic to the industrial union idea. This, too, though some of them are enjoying somewhat better conditions than the average worker in other industries. Why then are not more of them interested in industrial union organization, especially as represented by the IWW?

Let it be realized once more, at the outset, that while many of the building workers, practically in all crafts, are sympathetic to the industrial union idea for various reasons, it is difficult to expound the real importance of the one big union to all of them.

They may realize the weakness of craft unionism, and also the corrupt dictation of trade union officials, but success among them is slow. This is so on account of the tremendous opposition that the masters' lickspittles, including the craft union officialdom, are launching against the idea and the movement in its behalf.

Now there is also the lack of co-operation among the industrial unionists themselves. They need to get together more and give attention to organization in a more serious and efficient manner.

Propaganda, as distributed at present, is also too general. This propaganda does not appeal to the workers in the lines they are interested in. For instance, if you appeal to carpenters you must talk about their line of work. Same way with a plumber, a bricklayer, a mason, etc. You must talk about bricks to a bricklayer, saws, shingles and lumber to a carpenter; and so on; otherwise they are not interested.

Also, let us realize what we should do if the workers do not want to come to us. Will we not have to go to them? "Yes," we say, "we do go to them." What do we offer to them? The bulk of the workers are not interested in what they will want fifty or hundred years from now. They are interested in what they need today. All workers wish to run their union affairs themselves rather than have someone else run them for them.

Industrial Unionism is a somewhat beautiful dream to the great masses of workers here in the east and lots of them have never heard of it yet. Now let us get busy and see to it that this dream will become a reality to them within the near future.



Suffer Little Children to Come Unto the Profits of Capitalists

## Childhood and the Evil Influence of Capitalism

By J. D. CARLIPH

In this our twentieth century, in the year of super-affluence, when "our coffers" are fairly bursting with gold and "our storehouses" with provisions, a mother of thirteen children—a prize winner in child bearing—was evicted, together with her brood of thirteen American citizens, good and true, because, for sooth, "her husband was unable to pay the rent for the small flat in a rear dwelling" in Chicago, USA.

Eight of the children and mother availed themselves of the generosity (?) of the police station in the neighborhood of their former home, while the rest found shelter with their poor neighbors. The father stood watch through the night over his earthly belongings, dumped on the street by a "landlord," the owner of the property where the home was located.

History repeats itself. The family lived on Dickens Street; the police station is on Shakespeare Ave. and landlordism is as vicious today as it was in the days of Dickens, when he wrote Little Dorritt or Dorothy—the name of one of the children evicted,—and in the days of Shakespeare, too.

CAPITALISM need not respect a mother; it need not have compassion toward children; it is not here for that. It is here for profit, nothing more nor less, and all the cruelty, perversion and other attendant evils that go with it, as a matter of course. When a mother and her little ones interfere with profit, OUT THEY GO!

Each room in a building, dwelling, or so-called home, must earn a certain income—even if the world comes to an end.

The wonder is, how could the poor parents manage to keep their brood under roof and shelter that long? A father of thirteen children is not paid in wages any more than a father of none. Capitalism does not pay wages according to needs; it pays what the labor market dictates. And how will this poor father keep a roof over the heads of his thirteen and put food into their mouths until such a time as the elder children are able to work and "earn" and help keep the family? Miracles, it seems, do happen even in this day and age.

Our "small family" advocates might gloat over the incident and say "I told you so. Raise a small family and the dear tenement boss will not evict you." To paraphrase this, it means simply this:

"Raise a family as large as your wages will stand and no more. Have a small family and you can work for small wages." O, there are many sides to the story. But does anyone visualize a family of thirteen, all grown up, where the father had a sufficient income to feed, clothe and shelter all? Why it is a small dominion by itself. And when these, too, have families of their own and all honor and love the "old man" and the "old lady" and bring ease and comfort to their declining years—are many children a curse and a plague, then? Indeed they are not. And there is lots of room in this little world of ours.

We know such families. We know of a family of eight children where the "old man" is now dead, but the children are still keeping the flat of seven rooms where they were raised, and a servant to boot, in New York City, for the old lady.

Of course, they are scissorbills, but they are mostly wage slaves and their families are, too, just the same. Between the eight of them, they manage to furnish a fine old age insurance policy for the "old woman."

The problem, then, is not so much a large or small family as it is, after all, a question of being able

to maintain any size family at all.

The solution is evident. Organize with your class, abolish capitalism and then regulate the number of your offspring to suit your own particular inclinations or opinions. Were the workers able to dictate as to what an income should be, the question of a child more or less would be of no consequence. A new child born would mean an increased income. But under the present system—where the worker permits his wages to be dictated by the owner of his job and the pace set by his neighbor worker whose aim constantly is to outdo him in output and reduce thereby the wages of all the workers—both father and mother are forced to work in order to support even one or two children.

Under capitalism, childhood is an investment in time and money expended that is highly unprofitable. Children should not be born at all. Men and women—vigorous and enduring should, like Topsy,

be “just growed” full size, ready to work and produce profits and not be small and helpless and an imposition on our profit mongers—our masters—like children.

And in the meantime thirteen little pairs of feet were driven out of a house and home; thirteen little heads were obliged to rest at night, on the hard benches of a police station and thirteen prospective citizens of this great and glorious nation, have been subjected to the indignities and disgrace of eviction. We hope this experience will not mark the beginning of an evil influence on those poor, young minds.

And unless present tendencies take a turn for the better, many more evictions are soon to follow.

We say again, ye workers, organize in your might and make eviction, starvation, unemployment and misery an impossibility, so long as the sun shines on this, our mother earth.

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## For a Northwest Workers' College

THE members of General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310, Industrial Workers of the World, employed at Kelly & Sullivan camp No. 2, Natron Cutoff, Oak Ridge, Ore., in meeting assembled, adopted a series of resolutions pointing out “that the greatest handicap in effective organization work is a lack of educated members at the point of production.” Also asserting that “it often happens that a few fellow workers get organization work going on the job, only to find that organization work is not carried on after they leave the job.” Concluding: “We realize that we have the largest membership and activities in the Northwest; therefore be it resolved, that action be taken to establish a college on the Pacific Coast where economics and other subjects of interest to the working class will be taught; and be it further resolved that we go on record in favor of a Northwest College stamp, to be issued to build the same.”

Accompanying the above resolution is a letter addressed to the editor of The Industrial Pioneer, requesting the latter to write an article on its significance.

This the editor gladly does. There is nothing that appeals to him so much as a program of education, especially working class education, otherwise he would not be an editor, as that function is primarily one of education, in its best sense.

But there's education and education! In all education, one thing is essential, and that is comprehensiveness,—a program that will include not only one but every phase of working class necessity. Is it not possible that the working class may need not only educated workers at the point of production, but also many other things that are complementary to job organization? May they not need well developed branches and industrial unions with trained and experienced officers at their head, as well? Is it

not possible that, with a comprehensive, well-built organization, properly officered, that the problem of job organization will be reduced to simple terms? Is it not possible that the frequent election of men to office may undo the work of educated members on the job, destroy branch and industrial union formations; and create confusion and disgust generally, together with all of their reactions?

These questions are asked, not to confuse the issue of education raised by the 310 resolutions, but to emphasize it.

Undoubtedly, capable, educated workers to function on the job, is a prime essential to good organization work there. Undoubtedly, also, the need of more workers' colleges to this end, is desirable, not only in the Northwest, but everywhere, if possible. The labor movement is not sectional; nor are its general requirements peculiar to any one locality.

The Work People's College at Duluth, Minn., is an example of good that workers' colleges do. Some favor concentration on its upbuilding before others are attempted; but that there's room for more there cannot be any doubt; and, if at all possible without serious damage to existing institutions, should be undertaken in localities where most needed.

By all means, give us educated workers on the job. By all means, give us workers' colleges. Both are essential; both are basic and fundamental. But don't stop with them! Consider other, related factors, also. Develop them, too!

In conclusion, we suggest a consideration of the question of education, not only as raised in the 310 resolutions, but also as raised in the article on “Science and Labor Organization.” This article was in type when the 310 resolutions were received. Read them both over; ponder on them; and give them both the careful consideration that they deserve.

**Editor INDUSTRIAL PIONEER.**

# The New Labor Displacers

MECHANICAL HANDLERS DO AWAY WITH UNSKILLED WORKERS, OR MAKE EVEN SKILLED WORK A CHILD-LIKE FUNCTION, EASY TO PERFORM.

By JOSEPH OSTRANDER

The many problems of overproduction and unemployment are being accentuated and made more complicated by the continued introduction of new machinery that displaces workers and saves wages—for the employers, of course.

This tends to reduce purchasing power and makes it more impossible for consumption to keep pace with output. Thus, the need for reduced hours and greater wages, through industrial union organization, becomes ever more imperative. It's either this evolutionary development, or a social breakdown, ending in chaos and disaster.

All of which is duly set forth in more detail in the following article.

A new species of labor displacing machinery has arisen, one that aims, not to displace skilled, but unskilled labor. That is, this species of machinery, though not entirely new, is being introduced at such a rate of speed, and is being pushed with such intensity at present, as to attract wide-spread attention. Its effects will be very extensive and revolutionary, if continued in the future as in the past.

Reference is here made to materials handling equipment. By means of such machinery, materials are routed directly through various operations in a plant. They go in, practically, at one end of the plant, and come out as finished products at the other, with little or no handling by labor en route. The result is a displacement of old style equipment and the men who operated it; with a consequent reduction in cost and increased output, to boot.

MATERIALS handling machines are of various types. They are known as tructractors, large conveyors, portable conveyors, locomotive cranes; electric cranes and hoists; loading machines for mine cars; cupola charging machines; automatic stackers or pilers, spiral chutes, etc.

The greatest user of materials handling machinery is automobile manufacturing. Though known as the baby industry, in 20 years it has made more progress in mechanical handling than has textile manufacturing, one of the oldest industries, in a century. In this respect, auto manufacturing has profited from the steady advance in mechanical handling made in the metals industries in general. Iron ore digging, loading and unloading, shipping and storing have been done largely by this method; and so have puddling, rolling and other successive mill operations. But now the principle is being applied to mostly all industries in which much handling by labor is, or was, required. In the wholesale drug trade, for instance; materials handling equipment is being introduced; in the mail order houses, also. Thus, its use is becoming extensive.

The present big boom in favor of mechanical handling of materials is alleged to be due to the shortage of labor occasioned by restrictive immigration. By cutting off cheap labor supplies, so it is claimed, this measure has made the introduction of mechanical substitutes imperative. This, however,

is essentially untrue; as the beginning of the use of this type of labor-saving machinery, as already indicated in previous paragraphs, antedates restrictive immigration by many years. It would be nearer the truth to say that the present large-scale introduction marks a climax in its evolutionary development.



1,200 Lose Jobs when this Automatic Money Changer is Installed on New York Subways

Materials handling machinery displaces unskilled labor and reduces skilled labor to a degree of unskill such as was never thought possible before. The simplicity of motion, or function, which it requires, as in auto plants, for instance, is hardly believable. It does away even with "knacks" or the peculiar quirks in manipulation characteristic of unskilled labor even; and could be operated by a child, had the latter the alertness and endurance necessary to prevent accident and physical collapse.

Longshoremen, coal shovelers, freight handlers, car loaders, sack stackers, operators of wheel barrows, truck-shovlers, etc., etc.—all are affected. They are being displaced, with nowheres to go—except it be to hell or the abyss below them. (As yet, they do not show enough intelligence to demand a better social system than the one that makes outcasts of them. But more of that later on).

Some figures used by Secretary of Labor (?), James T. Davis, in his campaign in favor of selective immigration, give an idea of the nature and extent of this labor displaced by mechanical handlers. Here are some:

"In one of our southern ports we have a ship-loading conveyor and a spiral chute. The material handled is crated oil. FOUR MEN now do what ONE HUNDRED MEN before laboriously accomplished.

"The Taylor plant at Bridgeport, Conn., now handles hot iron cauldrons by a mechanical conveyor and shifting system with ONE MAN where they formerly had twenty-five.

"The automatic stacker or piler, which is practically a traveling ladder on wheels with a jack lift, is rapidly making unnecessary the class of labor that only the immigrant or negro would perform."

To these may be added other quotations from articles in technical journals descriptive of materials handling equipment, as follows:

"The Atlantic Coast Electric Railway Company operates three portable conveyors . . . to handle coal. Formerly the work was performed by shovel and wheelbarrow. About seventy days' work per year is required to handle the total 24,000 tons of incoming fuel under either method, but FOUR MEN with the conveyors now do the work of THE PREVIOUS THIRTY, saving 260 man hours per day."

"At the Warren Foundry and Pipe Company three methods of handling are used—electric traveling cranes on yard runways, locomotive cranes, and hand work. One operator runs an electric crane, three men operate each locomotive crane, and from 8 to 12 men are required on corresponding work by hand labor."

"At the American Splint Corporation, a 15-ton crane handles 50,000 ft. of logs in a 9-hour day, piling 30 to 40 ft. high and back piling to the same height, doubling yard storage. The crane and THREE MEN do the work formerly requiring TWELVE MEN, or at a cost of \$19.17 per day

against \$75.60 formerly, saving \$55.43 per day or \$16,629.00 in 300 working days."

"On the Boston Elevated Railway a 10-ton crane with a crew of operator and two men carries out the following:

"Unloads from flat cars 540 ties per hour. Formerly took twelve men 2½ hours. Crane piles 18 ft. high. Men could pile only 12 ft. high.

"Handling cages of treated wood block paving. Crane will dump 12 cages or about 18,000 blocks per hour. Same work formerly took 12 men about 4 hours.

"Crane and crew handle about 75,000 ties and 1,500,000 bd. ft. of lumber per year."

"A 20-ton Link-Belt crane and six men load on freight cars an average of 25 crated Hupmobiles daily for export shipment. Each crate weighs 4,000 pounds. Recently this crane loaded 28 crated automobiles on freight cars in 1½ hours. This work alone formerly required the full time of 30 men.

"The crane is also used for unloading coal and building material from freight cars. At top speed it unloads a 70-ton car of coal in 40 minutes—while with hand shoveling it would take four men practically the entire day to unload one.

"On the basis of 6 months' actual service the crane has saved the entire time of 35 laborers—something over \$40,000 yearly in wages—and pays for itself every 4 1-2 months from the standpoint of labor economy alone."

These quotations may be continued to a much greater extent. Soap-works, granite works, foundries, lumber and dairy companies, paper box concerns, sugar corporations, architectural tile companies, and many others, too numerous to specify, tell the same tale. They all employ mechanical handling with the great displacement of labor and saving in wages already hinted at above.

Where will it all end? With labor being displaced, unemployment will increase and become more continuous, without any breaks of "prosperity" to relieve it.

With labor being deprived of wages, purchasing and consuming power will be greatly curtailed; thus also adding to the unemployed. It is time labor, both employed and unemployed, woke up to the gravity of these conditions and did something to end them.

Labor can only remedy these conditions through extensive industrial union organization. Such organization can reduce hours and increase wages in accordance with the introduction of machinery and its output. It can secure a share for labor in the benefits of invention and machinery, such as is necessary, if the breakdown of the entire present system is to be averted in favor of peaceful evolution.

Such organization involves much agitation, much discussion—distribution of leaflets, circulation of labor press, soap-boxing, shop talks, speaking tours—in fact, a campaign of education, in which, em-

(Continued on page 34)

# WEBBLES

## PUTTING IT BLUNTLY

The national wealth is now \$320,863,862,000. The last three circular formations, figuratively speaking, seem to indicate that the workers' share has been discovered and included.

## THE PERFECT HYPOCRITE

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Johnny—"Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

## WOODROW CALLS MOSES!

MOSES (to new heavenly arrival) : "Well, Woodrow, they didn't do a thing to your fourteen points points down below, did they?"

WOODROW: "That's nothing. You ought to see what they did to your ten commandments."

## FULL SPEED TO THE REAR

The difference between a motorman  
And a conductor is quite strange  
The motorman changes the handle—  
The conductor handles the change.

## DON'T DISTURB THE HANDS

A manufacturer of motor-car accessories was engaging a factory superintendent.

"There's just one thing more," he said to the applicant, who appeared to be satisfactory. "Could you run a house organ in connection with your other work?"

"House organ?" said the man, with a puzzled expression. "What's the need of music in a factory?"

## PREPAREDNESS

Murphy, the fireman, died at sea, so they got his body ready for burial.

It was discovered that there were no irons to sink the body, so the chief engineer gave orders to the black gang to get some big chunks of coal to lash to the body, which was done.

As the captain was reading the burial service, Sullivan, the fireman, roared laughing.

The captain looked sternly at Sullivan and said, "Now, Sullivan, have you no respect for the word of God or for the dead?"

"Sure, captain," Sullivan said, "I have. But, I have seen many a fireman die and go to hell, but Murphy is the first one I have seen take his own coal with him."



## PUTTING IT BLUNTLY

Parson—You should be a good christian; and go to church in order to provide for your hereafter.

Unemployed—if it's the same to your reverence, I'd sooner go to work and provide for the present. The hereafter can take care of itself.

## A WOODS CONUNDRUM

IWW Lumberjack—Why is an unorganized lumberjack like a snail?

Scissorbill—Dunno, I'll bite!

IWW Lumberjack—Both carry their homes on their backs; and are slow at getting good things.

## PILING IT ON

Inquirer—"Well, Ephraim, what are you going to preach to your flock these days? I hear you are making a mighty stir."

Ephraim—"Well, sur, yassir, I is. I gives it to 'um dis way: Fustly, I tells um what I'm gwine to tell 'um, den I tell 'um what I said I wuz gwine to tell 'um, and den I tells 'um what I done tole 'um."

## AND THEN IT HAPPENED

One hundred per centers, law abiding every one of them, had a meeting in Frisco. One of them pulled this one on his friend: knowing his friend carried a flask on his hip, he disguised himself with false beard and badge and walked into the hall in a boisterous manner.

Flashing his badge, he cried, "I arrest you on complaint of violating the prohibition law."

Forty flasks hit the floor.

# “Sedition”

By EDMUND VANCE COOK

You cannot salt the eagle's tail,  
Nor limit thought's dominion.  
You cannot put ideas in jail;  
You can't deport opinion.

If any cause be dross and lies,  
Then drag it to the light;  
Out in the sunshine Evil dies,  
But fattens on the Night.

You cannot make a Truth untrue  
By dint of legal fiction  
You cannot prison human view  
You can't convict conviction.

For tho' by thumbscrew and by rack,  
By exile and by prison,  
Truth has been crushed and palled in black,  
Yet Truth has always risen.

Truth asks no favor for her blade  
Upon the field with Error,  
Nor are her converts ever made  
By threat of force and terror.

You cannot salt the eagle's tail,  
Nor limit thought's dominion  
You cannot put ideas in jail;  
You can't deport opinion.



## You, the Producers

HAL BROMMELS

FOR ages now you've had to bow  
To kings and lords and parasites;  
You've never known a day your own,  
You've never had the thing called "rights."  
You groaned as masters crushed you down--  
And yet you cowered 'neath the crown.

The masters slew your brothers true,  
And nailed your champions to the cross;  
You trembled then like weakened men  
And only mourned your fearful loss.  
Though you were great and they were few  
You feared the righteous thing to do.

You still are slaves to idle knaves,  
And thousands in their prisons lie --  
Their deeds for you proclaim them true--  
They wait and hope to hear this cry:  
"The earth is free for Toil is free!  
We won through Solidarity!"

It's up to you, Producing Men,  
Your word will set your comrades free--  
When you DEMAND, but not till then,  
Can you control all industry.  
Remember this: No Christ shall rise--  
All earthly power in YOU lies!

## The Wobbly

By 4S-602

WHEN my upper lip is trembly, and a lump  
gets in my throat,  
And the fellows that I'm scared of have  
tried to get my goat;  
And I'm feeling kind o' lonesome, and I'm losing  
all my sand,  
It's great to have a Wobbly just grip you by the  
hand.

With a Wobbly for a "buddie" I'm as happy as  
can be,  
For I know whatever happens, he'll always stand  
by me,  
For he knows me, and I know him, and the other  
friends may fail  
I always feel contented when with him I hit the  
trail.

You cannot keep discouraged—you cannot long be  
blue,  
When your "partner" is a Wobbly, and you know  
that he's true blue,  
He's always there to help you, when the "goings"  
rather hard,  
And he plants himself beside you, 'cause you pack  
the old red card.

## NEW LABOR DISPLACERS (Continued from page 32)

ployed, as well as unemployed, can take and should take an active part. The unemployed, as well as the employed can, and should, help it along, or else be classed as helpless morons and willing slaves.

If the persistent, continued introduction of mechanical methods continues, overproduction will swamp us all in a sea of unemployment and misery, which can be avoided, if we workers hasten

to take time by the forelock, and act before it is too late.

More industrial union organization and industrial union remedies alone can meet the situation. We should make every effort to make them possible now, while conditions permit it.

Let's get busy, without delay!

# How It's Done in California

By CALIFORNIAN

Reciting the questionable methods by which workingmen are sent to jail for organizing labor unions—the whole campaign of misrepresentation, frame-ups and professional witnesses laid bare, so that all may become familiar with it.

**W**HY are so many men convicted under the Criminal Syndicalism law in California, if they have committed no crime? This is a question often asked of members of the IWW.

To answer that question as briefly as possible is the purpose of this article. But, first it is necessary to make one comment. It is the custom brought down through the ages, to consider a man innocent in the eyes of the law, until he is proven guilty. Just the reverse is true in California. The mere fact that one belongs to a labor union is sufficient for conviction of almost any crime on the statute books, that is, in the mind of the average juror.

But the people of California are no different than the people elsewhere. As a matter of fact a large percentage of the population is made up of people attracted to the state by the glowing promises held forth in all the advertising campaigns of the various commercial clubs. Their state of mind is due, however, to the vicious propaganda put forth by those who control the resources of California.

To begin with, California's eastern and western boundaries are natural physical barriers that serve to keep within its own confines the lust for the blood of workingmen. On the north, however, lies the domain of the Hammond Lumber Co., who, together with a few minor companies, own and control several counties rich in standing timber; while throughout the rich valleys, the California Fruit Growers' Association holds full sway and on the south the state is dominated by the oil companies and real estate operators. All of them large employers of labor.

Down through the center of the state, running from north to south is the Southern Pacific Railway, like a giant octopus, its tentacles reaching in all directions and devouring all within its reach. In former years the S. P. controlled the government of California completely, but of late it has yielded some of its power to the lumber, oil and power companies.

It is the representatives of the above mentioned groups, that meet in the capital and discuss ways and means of further exploitation of the workers and how to get rid of the hated IWW. For it is these class conscious workers who are the only ones effectively challenging the self assumed rights of the industrial lords.

Imagine yourself at one of their private meetings. Probably you would see about you a half dozen representatives of some of the largest corporations in the United States, all sleek, well fed and showing signs of a life of luxurious ease. Mr. Wood of the lumber trust is speaking. He is raving over the fact that the IWW are active in the logging camps and "something must be done." "Humph," says Mr. Blank of the power trust, "Doesn't your prosecuting attorney know what to do?"

"Oh, yes." The prosecuting attorney knows what to do alright but, there may be some farmers

called for jury duty, who may have their own ideas of justice. Then again, there seems to be some complaint about high taxes, due to the high cost of railroading workingmen. Wouldn't some funds judiciously placed be useful at present?

Certainly. The funds are forthcoming and the drama begins up in the lumber country. First comes the plot. All regular Criminal Syndicalism trials begin with a plot. To be sure the plot exists in the minds of the locally subsidized paper, but nevertheless, furnishes an excellent groundwork for sentiment. The following is a fair sample of the beginning of an IWW case.

## IWW PLOT NIPPED IN BUD

....., California. Date. ..... Two alleged IWWs were arrested today at the camp of the Northern Lumber Company while distributing inflammatory literature, and brought to the city to be lodged in the Hokum County jail.

Deputy Sheriff Hurpock Holmes who made the arrests states "that he believes the men are forerunners of a gigantic conspiracy to destroy the redwood forests of this state, etc. . . ."

This, together with a few more articles of a similar nature, is broadcast throughout the county, and for the next few weeks furnishes the only topic for conversation. True, nothing definite has been stated, but the mind of the public has been aroused and the prosecution is prepared to go ahead.

In the meantime, Johnny Lumberjack and Fellow worker Delegate have been safely lodged in the Hokum County jail and are awaiting the outcome. While, on the outside, continue the ravings of the newspapers and the rantings of the local politicians about 100 per cent "Americanism," until the local citizenry are ready to go to any lengths for the lumber trust.

After a few weeks a sort of hearing is held and the trial date is set. A hearing in these cases doesn't mean anything, it being a mere formula handed down by tradition. The indictments are filed and everything is ready to proceed according to Hoyle.

We will spare the reader the unessential details of the opening of the trial, but, merely mention that it consists of the selection of a jury, the reading of the indictment and the entering of the plea of "Not guilty." The first named process is for the purpose of finding out whether or not some workingman has been accidentally called for jury duty. We are now ready for the first witness.

The first witness in this case will be Deputy Holmes, the arresting officer. Deputy Holmes has covered himself with glory in making the arrests, but his testimony is not interesting. He is there merely to identify the defendants and their cards. However, if you are witnessing a trial of this sort for the first time, you would do well to notice them carefully, for this is the last you will hear of the defendants or cards until the judge is ready to pass sentence.

The identifications over, the trial is ready to proceed in earnest and Mr. Coutts is called to the stand. Whereupon a slinking individual with a degenerate countenance will mount the stand and swear to tell "the truth, the whole truth so help, etc." After a few preliminary questions by the suave attorney for the state, the moron will begin to unfold a tale designed to make the jurors hold their breath. Here is where the preliminary work is intended to count, for all of the stories published by the local papers, concerning the IWW are at once recalled and the jurors listen with intense interest.

Boiled down, Coutts testifies that the purpose of the IWW, when he was a member, was to burn farmers' barns and commit other such outrages. However, upon cross-examination we learn by his own admission, that he has served time for burglary and that his chief means of livelihood, before he became a professional witness, was by "begging and stealing." He even admits he never told the truth before in his life.

After a few hours of Coutts' testimony, the jury has heard enough blood curdling tales to last them some time. But wait! . . .there is more to come. Another professional witness is called to the stand. This "Thing" is called Townsend. His testimony is on much the same order as that of the previous witness, differing only in its locale. Upon cross-examination of Townsend, facts are brought out, showing him to be a degenerate of the lowest order. One would have to be charitable indeed, to raise him to the rank of a common fink or stoolpigeon.

A few more witnesses of the same type, and the prosecution is ready to rest and they surely need one; in fact, the whole courtroom needs a rest. The jurors' minds have become so inflamed, listening to the weird tales emanating from the diseased brains of the state's witnesses, that they have as much use for the IWW as they have for a dose of potassium

cyanide. Of course, the defendants have not once been mentioned. No one has ever seen them before or even heard of them.

The defense is now ready to go on and starts out at once with an argument over the first witness. It seems, that the witness must prove that he is at present a member of the IWW. Must even show his card or his testimony is not acceptable. But this does not feaze the defense and the card will be shown and the witness will proceed. But the moment he steps from the witness stand, an officer at once places him under arrest for Criminal Syndicalism.

Even this does not stop them and witnesses continue to testify to the character of the organization. Men from all industries show that the IWW is a revolutionary labor union, organized for the purpose of bettering the condition of the wage-worker. None have heard of violence being preached; on the contrary, they all have heard the organization teach that violence is a sign of weakness and always reacts against the user. They have been taught that the organization depends upon its economic power and that violence is detrimental to that power.

But the jury is not interested, they are speculating within their minds how soon they can get home to their families. Their minds have already been made up. But the judge sits in his chair ever on the alert. The judge, by the way, is an individual hired by the state to sit through the trial and overrule any objection made by the defense and sustain those made by the prosecution.

And so it goes to the end until the attorneys are ready to make their pleas to the jury. Sometimes it may be necessary for the attorney for the state to point out the defendants during the course of his address, in order that the jury will remember who is being tried. The speeches over, the jury retires to the anteroom, plays a few games of pinochle and brings in a verdict of "Guilty."

We have not exaggerated. The above performance has been repeated over and over again. Occasionally there may be some change in some of the minor details but the essential facts are the same. It is only in such places where the defense has been able to counteract the influence of the local press, that any measure of success or any semblance of a fair trial has been secured.

But the silver lining is already beginning to show. The effect of the intensive educational campaign carried on by the California Branch of the General Defense is being felt. For the people of California are just as susceptible to educational propaganda as anyone else. What is needed now is a campaign of activity by the members of the organization, to the end that the persecution in California will be a matter of a dark spot on its history.

## HE TOLD HER

Short-sighted Lady (in grocery)—"Is that the head cheese over there?"

Salesman—"No, ma'am; that's one of his assistants."

# Alex Dowell's Home

By R. J. W., 721016

The realization of wedded bliss, bought on the installment plan, it proved a test of character, only to be taken from him and his beloved wife, by the mortgage holder and wage cuts in the long run—A little tale, with a moral, that is all too common.

WHEN Alex Dowell married Nellie Poore, it was rumored about the community that the matrimonial ties of this couple were of an ideal nature. Alex had advanced himself to the position of timekeeper with a local steel corporation with whom he had been employed for a number of years. Beginning at a very young age, in a humble capacity, he had worked faithfully and rendered efficient service, which was responsible for his numerous advancements. Nellie was one of the happy go lucky kind—good natured, jolly and always ready to have a little fun when the opportunities permitted it. She was fairly well educated, and a lover of discussion on numerous subjects which she was not well versed on.

Many an evening she and Alex sat in the parlor and discussed different things; that is, they discussed the making of steel. He would explain to her how it was melted in the open hearth; how they poured it into molds; how the molds were stripped, leaving the ingot stand erect on a flat car to be transferred to the blooming mills to be rolled into billets; and how they were again transferred to other mills for the final process that made them finished products.

This was one advantage Alex had over Nellie: he knew the difference between an open hearth and a rolling mill.

Alex, at the time of his marriage, had saved about five hundred dollars. This he intended to use as a down payment on a little five-room bungalow that was for sale on one of the best streets of the community. This little love-nest had a value of approximately six thousand dollars. But this mattered not at all to Alex—nothing was too good for Nellie.

It was one of those bright spring days when the trees were beginning to bring forth their blossoms of fruit and all the grandeur of nature was evident.

To Alex, this was a happy day. It marked the beginning of his prosperity. This he felt as he whistled modern refrains as he proceeded down the street to the real estate agent to deposit his five hundred dollars and close the deal on his little bungalow.

Upon reaching the office he informed the agent of his intentions. The agent at once ushered Alex into his little private office and explained the details and red tape that is usually connected with the installment plan homes. The agent said, it would be necessary to make a down payment of five hundred dollars to close the deal. This, of course, Alex was aware of. Arrangements were made to have the remaining fifty-five hundred paid off at the rate of sixty dollars per month, plus six per cent interest. This was agreed to by Alex and the deal was closed.

The newlywed at once hurried home to the temporary light housekeeping rooms to tell Nellie of his wonderful buy; and how it would be possible for them to reside on one of the finest streets in the community.

This news overjoyed Nellie. She threw her arms about Alex. She couldn't help it. She really loved

her husband; and for two solid hours they sat and talked about the kind of furniture they would buy for each room. They considered that the best of furniture would be necessary to make the inside appearance as nice as the outside.

The Dowells were now ready to purchase the household furnishings to complete the little bungalow on Fine Street; that they might enter and enjoy the comforts of their own home.

To Nellie and Alex, all this seemed to be a dream. They wondered if these wonderful things weren't too good to be true. They even pinched one another to be sure they were not asleep. And finally they were satisfied that all this was to be a reality.

As Alex leaned back in his chair and began to yawn he pulled his watch from his pocket and discovered it was past midnight. So the Dowells decided to retire for the day—for Alex had to report to the mill at seven a. m.; seven days per week.

Arising at an early hour the following morning, Nellie prepared the breakfast and saw her husband off to the mill; and, as some women usually do, Nellie returned to bed to sleep a part of the forenoon. When she awoke, she just lay there to day-dream of her future home on Fine Street, as it was only two days off from pay-day at the mill; which would allow them the down payment on their furniture;—then the little love-nest would be completed and ready to be occupied.

Then the mill pay-day came and this again was a big day for the Dowells. As soon as Alex had finished his supper, he and Nellie started for the easy payment furniture company and in less time than an hour they had picked the necessary furnishings to make their home one of the most attractive

on their street. The furniture company called up the steel mill officials for recommendation. The official did as asked knowing that Alex was a faithful employe and naturally he was recommended very highly.

The next day while Alex was at work the furniture was delivered. Nellie, aware of this, did not go back to bed that morning but went to sweep and dust and do the little things that are usually done before moving into a new home.

That evening when Alex returned from the mill he ate his supper and proceeded to join Nellie in her labors,—that of getting every thing ready—that they might enjoy its comforts as soon as possible.

At last everything was ready; the gas and electric light was to be turned on the following day and nothing more remained to do except invite a few friends to be present the next evening, as this would be the first night in their own home.

When the following night came the Dowells were seated on the front porch of their little bungalow, awaiting the arrival of the friends who were to take part in the house-warming.

The party enjoyed the evening very much and when the guests began to depart they bestowed on the Dowells many compliments, which were all accepted and thankfully acknowledged. And now Mr. and Mrs. Dowell were located in their permanent residence.

All through the summer months the Dowells prospered. They never missed a circus and usually went to see a show of an evening and on Sundays they went to the amusement parks. Ofttimes they held little card parties at their home and thus the Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dowell were really enjoying life. Now that summer was passing, life was beginning to look still brighter to Alex Dowell, because he was one of those fellows that liked to stay by the fireside during the winter months, and Nellie also was looking forward to the time when just she and Alex could sit in the parlor and talk of their future plans—and this they did.

It was during the winter that the Street Railways Co. employees were forced to go on strike for better wages. The striking street car men were so poorly paid and the cost of living kept going up. This made it impossible for them to support their wives and families. As usual with workmen, they had done everything to avert a strike. They offered to arbitrate with the company. But the company only turned a deaf ear. From all appearances the company wanted the men to strike. They wanted to break the union. They knew it could be done, because the strike would occur at a time when all the other big industries were reducing their forces.

Under the circumstances the railways company knew it would be an easy matter to recruit the necessary strikebreakers to keep the cars in operation. This was just what they did; for as soon as the men went on strike, scabs were put on the cars and the strike was practically lost on the first day. The strikers stayed out one week. They couldn't

stay out any longer, as they were in the grip of winter and the low wages they had received made it impossible for them to save enough for these emergencies.

Thus, the street carmen's strike was lost. They sacrificed all their demands and returned to work under the old conditions.

During the strike period, the Mr. and Mrs. Dowells would set in their comfy little parlor by the fireside and discuss the horrible attitude the street car company assumed towards its employes. You can imagine how Alex would cuss the scabs for taking the strikers' jobs. Alex was by nature a real he-man. He wouldn't scab on any man. This his wife agreed with: she didn't want her Alex to be a scab. And that night before the young couple retired for the evening they had resolved that the name of Dowell would never be tainted with the crime of strikebreaking.

Little did they know that their resolution was soon to be an issue with them—a test of character, as it were.

Alex couldn't understand the forces that were at work around the steel mills. He knew the company was cutting production and this of course would force them to lay off the workers.

Thousands of steel workers were laid off; the furnaces in the mills were banked, and only the necessary help was retained to keep the mills in condition. Alex Dowell was a timekeeper. It was necessary to retain him, to look after the few workers that were not laid off.

For several weeks the mills were idle. The little town's people that were dependent upon them, were beginning to face starvation. The charity organizations began to dole out baskets of food. The steel corporation contributed thousands of dollars to these organizations; and the workers existed for another month on nothing but their alms.

Then the news was let out that the mills were to resume operations. **But due to a fall in the price of steel they would be forced to cut the wages thirty per cent.** When Alex Dowell discovered this order was to affect him also, he began to weaken. After carefully figuring what his earnings would be he couldn't see how he was to keep up his payments on his home and his furniture and keep food in the house at the same time. The gloomiest feature of all, however, was to arrive in the near future: there was an increase coming in Alex's family and this he had been looking to with the happy thought of being a father. But now everything seemed to turn against him. His wages were to be cut thirty per cent. The enormous fees charged by doctors on these kind of cases, were altogether out of Alex's reckoning. He just couldn't meet them under the new wage scale, as under his previous obligations, all his savings had been pre-empted.

Then around comes the first of month, when all Alex's payments come due. He was in a position to make the usual payment this time; but the next one he couldn't.

Upon arrival at the real estate man's office, he

took up the matter of reducing his monthly payments on the home. This was refused and Alex was informed that his original payment, as contracted, would fall due on the first of every month. He met with the same results at the furniture company also.

This made Alex a little hysterical. He began to cuss the steel corporation for cutting his wages and the real estate man for not reducing monthly payments—the furniture company likewise. But what could he do?—only try to do his best to make ends meet.

As the days passed by, the increase came in the Dowell family. It was necessary for the doctor to use instruments to bring the little one into the world, and this made the cost burden on Alex greater.

Mrs. Dowell was to be confined to her bed for several weeks. It was impossible for them to employ a nurse, and Alex couldn't afford to lay off from work; so this put more worries on Alex's mind. It was only a short time, however, until a widow woman whom Alex had assisted during the depression, while her son was out of work, volunteered to look after the Dowell household while Alex was at work. To the young husband this was a lifesaver.

And so the days and the weeks went by with Alex trying to keep up the former standards of living. But his struggles were in vain. He was forced to ask credit from his grocer; also from the butcher. The faithful young worker and husband now found that he was going so far in debt that it would take him some time to get out.

**Then along came the steel corporation with another ten per cent reduction.**

This, to Alex, was a complete knock-out; and the beginning of his downfall.

The second wage-cut became effective. The mills were working full capacity and the multitude of workers were discontented. This discontent went on until it began to breed hatred; and, finally, little groups of workers began to congregate and discuss the wage cuts; and then the question of a strike for more wages got passed throughout the mills—and later again, the day of the strike was passed around.

While all these rumors were going about, the steel company placed its stool pigeons throughout the mills to find out who the agitators were—that they might be fired in an effort to avert the strike. But the stool pigeons were helpless: it seemed as though all the workers were agitators.

The steel company realized it was confronted with a big issue. At once it began to send its representatives to all the big cities in the surrounding states to recruit strikebreakers. The steel company was determined to whip the strikers at any cost.

The hour of strike approached and when it finally came the workers almost to a man laid down their tools and walked out, only a very few remaining. As the strikers marched out, they discovered

that the town was being patrolled by the state police and the state militia. Their ranks were subsequently invaded by the state police and the workers were forced to segregate and get off the streets.

Among the thousands of workers that had the courage to strike that day against one of the largest combines in the world, was Alex Dowell.

The strikers were not allowed to congregate anywhere. If they did they were subject to brutal punishment at the hands of the state police. If the strikers attempted to hold a meeting the state police would throw tear gas bombs amongst the crowds, which forced them to disperse.

The strikers never gave up hopes, until they saw the trainloads of scabs being taken into the mills and only then did they begin to weaken. A number of them broke the ranks and returned to work. But the strike was not called off; and those who still had courage to hold out did so.

It was only a matter of short time when the ranks of the remaining strikers were easily counted.

The mills were now working full capacity again, manned by those that had returned, together with the imported scabs. The few strikers that stayed out until the last minute went back to get their jobs again. Alex was one of them—and when he approached the employment agent he and the rest of his followers were informed that they had committed the unpardonable sin against the steel corporation and would never again be employed in its services.

Thus does the story of Alex Dowell approach its end. He secured outside work but could not make the necessary payments on his home. He fell down on his payments to the furniture company. The real estate man foreclosed the mortgage on the home and the furniture company came and took back the furniture.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowell and their little baby are now living in two light housekeeping rooms, which are situated in the working-class district of the town. Nevertheless, after all their setbacks they are happy—knowing that the name of Dowell has not been tainted with the stigma of strikebreaking.

Just here, let us pause to moralize some. Alex Dowell, the character about whom the foregoing story is woven, was not an agitator. He was a faithful husband and a lover of home life. He wanted life as it should be. He didn't believe in living in tenement houses or being crowded into the dirty houses which are occupied by the wealth producers of the world, while those who do no usefulness to society live in the finest of mansions and enjoy all the luxuries that money can buy. He took a chance that many other wage workers had taken and lost.

Alex Dowell did not lose his home because he went on strike. The wage cuts, in themselves, would have brought about that loss. The real reason he lost his home was because he was a wage worker. The employing class does not want the workers to own their homes or to acquire wealth. This may cause independence.

The industrial despots that control our present system of wage slavery allow the working class very little prosperity and those married people who have saved a few hundred dollars with the objective of buying a home, are usually robbed of it by the depressions that follow the short periods of prosperity.

Strange to relate, however, instead of the workers fighting the system that prevents them from owning a home and enjoying the real comforts of life, they are supporting it.

If the working-class are to enjoy life, they must be organized—not only for the everyday struggle for hours, wages and conditions; but to a point that they will understand their true position in life. And when this is accomplished it will be possible for the persecuted working-class to take over industry and operate it for the benefit of all. To have this objective come about in reality it must be done through an economic organization formed on and following the lines of industry.

## A Protest

OUR Dumb Animals for June contains the following anti-war protest:  
"Encouraging War."

"This magazine has always been for peace. So we express now our protest against the war department's plan for a great national 'Mobilization' Day, September 12. Citizens in every city and hamlet will be asked to offer their services to the country as if in actual war. Boy Scouts and Camp Fire girls will be asked to turn out; even factories and other organizations will be mobilized to do their part in the imaginary war work. Millions all over the country will be aroused to bitterness and hostility against the War Department if this thing is pushed to extremes. No folly h's been more often exploded in the history of nations than that to be prepared for war means peace. It means war. It always has. It always will."

## GIANT POWER SURVEY

Morris L. Cook, representing Governor Pinchot's giant power survey commission for Pennsylvania, told the senate committee on agriculture that there are 1,000,000 farms within transmission range of Muscle Shoals, and that within five to ten years electric power can be economically applied on all of these farms. The range of transmission is 300 miles. About 100 uses for electric power are now recognized in farming. Ordinary waterpowers, far less efficient than Muscle Shoals, will soon be doing the work of cheap man-power. And giant power stations, burning coal at the mine-mouth, give current at 4c per kilowatt more than ordinary water-power. Linked together in one great pool of power, they make possible the use of small local waterpowers that hitherto have been inefficient.

## Unemployed Intellectuals

IN New York City there are scores of newspaper writers out of work. In addition there are scores more of them wondering when they will be in like condition.

This lack of employment by men of ability—this fear of displacement by men who have spent decades in journalistic pursuits of the highest intellectual nature—is due to the merging of metropolitan newspapers.

Under the direction of Frank A. Munsey, many of the latter have been bought up and put out of existence. It is believed that Munsey will continue his performances in this direction, with the result that more of the penmen of the press will be unemployed.

It is alleged that Munsey is acting in the interests of big department store advertisers. They will have fewer newspapers to pay bills to as a result; hence their backing, so goes the theory.

On the bulletin board of the New York Newspaper Club is pasted a bit of verse. Some of the members laugh as they pause and scan the doggerel.

### THE ITINERANT REPORTER

Say boss, can you give me a job?  
I'm fairly good, I guess.  
One time I worked with Munsey  
On the New York Press.

Oh yes, I've had experience,  
And many's the yarn I've spun.  
I also worked with Munsey  
On the New York Sun.

I won't say that I was a star  
Nor wore any royal robe;  
But I did have a job with Munsey  
On the New York Globe.

You say the staff is full up—  
Well, I'll be hittin' the trail.  
But remember, I worked with Munsey  
On the New York Mail.

I then joined up with the Herald  
And that was a terrible jam,  
And, let's see—I worked with Munsey  
On the New York Telegram.

This doggerel tells the tale of what has befallen the unemployed intellectual.

O, Skill! Where is thy victory?  
O, Ability, Where are thy palms?

## IN OTHER WORDS, "NO TRESPASSING"

On a farm in South Georgia is posted this sign: Trespasser's will be persecuted to the full extent of 2 mean mongrel dogs which ain't never been ovarily soshibil with strangers and 1 dubbel barlet shot-gun which ain't loaded with no sofy pillers. Dam, if I ain't tired of this hel raisin on my property."



Don't get "Rheumatism between the Ears," that is, don't destroy your ability to think right, by reading capitalist misinformation. Avoid this danger by reading the Workers' Press; especially the publications of the Industrial Workers of the World.

The latter consist of the following 10 daily, twice-a-week, weekly, and monthly, newspapers and magazines.

**INDUSTRIALISTI** (The Industrialist) published in Finnish daily at Duluth, Minnesota. Write to Box 464, Duluth, Minn., for subscription rates.

**THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER**, English, published twice a week. Subscription, \$4.00 a year; six months, two dollars; 3 months, \$1.00. Bundle orders, 3 cents a copy. Single copies, five cents. Address, Box 1857, Seattle, Wash.

**INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY**, English, published weekly. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year; six months, \$1.00; 3 months, 50 cents. Bundle orders, 3 cents a copy; single copies, 5 cents. Address, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

J U L Y , 1 9 2 4

**INDUSTRIAL PIONEER**, English, published monthly. \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for 6 months; 50 cents for 3 months; single copies, 20 cents. Address, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

**BERMUNKAS** (The Wage Worker), Hungarian, published weekly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year; six months, \$1.00. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy; single copies, 5 cents.

**IL PROLETARIO** (The Proletarian), Italian, published weekly at 158 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year; six months, (Continued on page 46)

# New Process Makes Rustless Steel

**A** PROCESS for the manufacture of rust-proof iron and steel which will make possible an annual world saving of approximately \$3,000,000,000 has been perfected by Dr. Beram D. Saklatwalla, inventor of the basic process for the manufacture of vanadium steel.

The process makes possible the production of rustless steel and iron with inexpensive ferro-chromium (raw) alloy previously used, thus bringing the discovery to the stage of immediate commercial use.

Dr. Saklatwalla, who is internationally known as an authority on metal products and who holds the Carnegie medal for scientific research, explains the details of his process and comments on its economic significance.

## Will Bring a New Industrial Era

He says that the full utilization of rustless steel will bring a new industrial era. "We are entering another industrial age—the age of steel alloys. It is comparable in importance to the new industrial epoch which began with the perfection of the steam engine."

It is necessary only to visualize the intricate maze of steel which constitutes the skeleton of modern industrial civilization—ceaselessly preyed upon by rust—to realize the sweeping economic significance of this new discovery.

The deep underpinnings and the tall superstructures of skyscrapers, the great spans and cables of bridges, ship plates and hulls, smoke stacks, metal roofing, steel rails and transportation equipment, mining and agricultural machinery, automotive machinery—all form the basic physical structure of economic life today, and all are ceaselessly, relentlessly attacked by the gnawing cancer of corrosion.

By surface coatings of rust-resisting material, by constant painting, by all sorts of experimental processes, engineers and chemists have fought the foe—but they fought a losing game.

## Losses from Rust Billions

The best scientific estimates place the annual corrosion loss at from 62 to 64 per cent of the total quantity of steel displaced. During a period of thirty-four years the output of iron and steel was approximately 1,760,000,000 tons. Of this amount 400,000,000 tons were discarded as worn out or useless, and 718,000,000 tons were eaten by rust. Sir Robert Hadfield, in a report to the British Institute of Engineers, estimated this annual corrosion loss at 700,000,000 pounds.

In 1922 there were 51,750 buildings erected in New York at a cost of \$587,690,925. Thus the annual world waste due to the rusting of iron and steel would take care of New York's building operations for about six years. There are 1312 office buildings in New York including all the great skyscrapers. Allowing an average cost of \$3,000,000 for these buildings, one could rebuild this vast maze of stone and steel every year with the possible economies of rustless steel.

## Finds Cheaper Chromium Ore

Dr. Saklatwalla, filed his basic patents in 1914. His problem was to find a means of using the raw chromium ore, which is inexpensive, in the manufacture of steel, instead of the expensive ferro-chromium. He now announces that he has succeeded in this and he has filed his patents in twenty-six countries.

His solution, when he finally reached it, was simple. It consisted in using silicon as a reducing agent, by which, using raw chromium ore, he was able to fuse the chromium into the structure of the steel and draw off the residue without using the expensive chromium alloy. The tests upon which he now bases his assertion that he has brought rustless steel to the large-scale commercial stage extend over several years.

In addition to corrosion experiments they include tests of ductility, tensile strength and resistance to electrolytic action. His reports show greater tensile strength and ductility. He says the tests involving electrolytic action are incomplete, but that he believes his product has an increased resistance to electrolysis.

## New Process Gives Steel Greater Strength

He is definite and emphatic in his assertion that the use of chromium not only prevents corrosion but that it produces a metal of greater physical strength than ordinary carbon steel. He claims that the economic changes which will result from the use of rustless steel and iron will be overwhelming. The replacement of rusted iron and steel represents not only the actual value of the steel but also the loss caused by the slowing down of industry, the cost of labor and the time spent in replacement.

It often happens that the rusted member is a key part in a complex system in continuous operation, and its replacement means the disruption of the entire system. For instance, the rusting of the great iron towers which carry high voltage power wires is a constant source of waste and inconvenience. It should be understood that the use of chromium for rustless steel and iron is not a new

(Continued on page 46)

# The IWW at Home and Abroad

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Chilean IWW Building  
Strikers

The Industrial Workers of the World is more than a mere propaganda circle. It is an influence in domestic labor affairs.

Note how "Paddy" Morrin, Czar of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, AFL, denounces it, because its press gives "Paddy's" downtrodden members a right to be heard in their own affairs. This gets Paddy's goat; hence his peculiar bleatings. And Paddy is only one of many "labor leaders" that are howling against the IWW.

\*  
The Metal and Coal Miners' Industrial Unions Nos. 210-220 held a convention at Butte, Mont. Steps were taken to expand the organizations. The Metal miners are supporting the miners' strike at Santa Eulalia, Mexico. John Martin is now Secretary-Treasurer of 210-220.

\*  
Despite the industrial depression the miners in the Comstock mine at Gold Hill, Nevada, are on strike for release of all class war prisoners, abolition of bonus and contract system, \$6 flat scale for all underground workers, six-hour day, and withdrawal of support from all Gold Hill merchants selling California products.

\*  
Railroad Workers' Industrial Union No. 520, John Grady, Secretary-Treasurer, has resumed publication of the Railroad Workers' Bulletin. Art Young has contributed a striking cartoon on unemployment. A conference of 520 members was held at Great Falls, Montana, on June 15.

\*  
The IWW lumberjacks won a river drive strike at Wenatchee, Wash. This is the third largest lumber drive in the United States. The following demands were granted: Better food, clean sheets and pillows, \$7.00 a day for eight hours' work. The company tried to run the drive at first with scabs, but they changed their mind when they found out that it could not be done.

\*  
The small industrial unions of Seattle have opened a membership drive among the city workers.

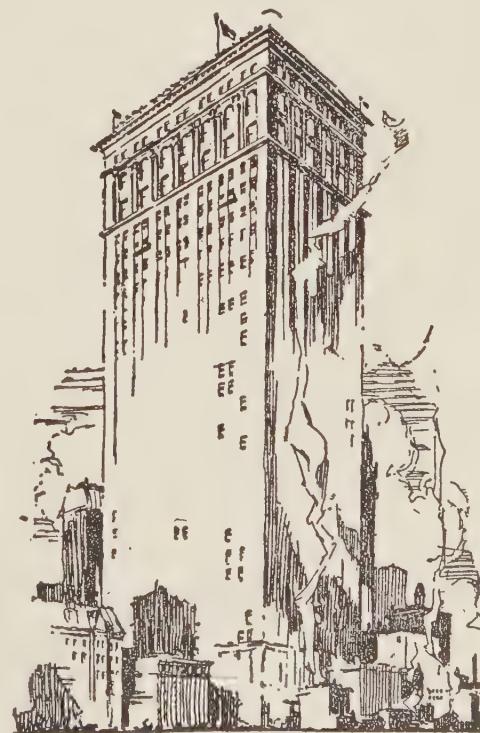
Two chartered branches of city workers, the

Foodstuff Workers' Industrial Union No. 460, and Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330, are located in Seattle, besides other small industrial unions.

The building workers have an organization drive on and have lined up a good many members. They have succeeded in getting a good competent speaker and organizer to operate in Seattle; Arthur Boose being the man.

The call of the small industrial unions lays stress on the co-operation of all the members of the small industrial unions to the end that the workers of Seattle may be educated and organized in industrial unionism.

\*  
From another city, Cleveland, comes reports of open air meetings in the City Square, with Fellow



Organize, City Workers!

Workers Bowerman and Turner as the speakers. The results were an interested crowd and good literature sales and distribution.

Some years ago, in a moment of well-administered defeat in an attempt to secure control of the IWW, the Socialist Labor party formed an opposition organization, first known as the Detroit IWW and latterly as the Workers' International Industrial Union. The last named has just decided to disband. The SLP, reduced to a handful, finds itself too weak to sustain its offspring and so has done away with it—but not without a struggle. In order to do so, the SLP completely reverses itself—repudiating its “two wing” philosophy, i. e., of the need for political action based on economic organization, and vice-versa, and now says the political alone, as organized in the SLP, will suffice. Of course, this is a form of senile dementia with the SLP, but such is the mental status of all “liquidators” of the IWW. They all attempt and believe in the impossible!

The IWW is also an international influence.

The Stettin, Germany, branch of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union out on strike

are assisted financially by the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union branches here.

The MTW has succeeded in getting all Scandinavian ships sailing out of the port of New York under IWW job control. This was done through intensive job action and a boycott of Scandinavian scab shipping agencies. The highest wages and best conditions are the results.

A branch at Yokohama, Japan, is being agitated also.

In Santa Eulalia, Mexico, 3,000 miners, members, some of them, of the Metal Miners' Industrial Union, are striking against intolerable conditions under the auspices of the Mexican administration of the IWW. They also have the support and backing of the IWW general administration.

Santiago, Chile, is also a battleground for better conditions. The Chilean administration of the IWW is leading a successful struggle there for the 44-hour week in the building industry. 4,000 workers are involved.

## “The Mill Has Shut Down”

By BOOMER

“THE mills have shut down,” was the remark that greeted the ear of the newcomers in the little sawmill town in Oregon. To many who heard the remark it did not have much significance; but to those of the workers who labored in the mills it meant much.

To have steady work for the heads of the families it meant regular food, a place to sleep and clothing of a kind for those dependent. With the closing down of the mills of course the income would cease, and that meant . . . ? Such random answers to the imploring of children for a nickel to get an ice cream cone, were usually, “Now, you can't have a nickel; the mill has shut down.” To the child who received the answer it raised another question, what did the mill shutting down have to do with whether it could have an ice cream cone or not. Poor kids, they did not know that their living depended on the operation of the mills and the ability of their fathers in being able to satisfy the bosses so as to have steady work when the mills did run. The question of why the mills should shut down never entered their heads, in fact it never entered the heads of their parents. All that they knew was, “that the mills had shut down.”

But as the children of the mill town grow older they learn to dread the sentence, “The mills have shut down,” because they recall that every time the mills have shut down it means a time of hunger and suffering for them. But it is not until they learn by a great deal of suffering that as long as the mills are operated for profits to a few that the mills will con-

tinue to shut down with recurring frequency and the spells of hunger and want will soon come to be the accepted order for those who labor.

“The mills have shut down” affects not only those who work in and around the mills but also thousands of others who sell their labor power for a living. The purchasing power of the community is lessened, clerks are laid off in the stores. Workers in the laundries are laid off; in fact, with the stopping of the income of the laboring people, the whole industrial life of the community slows down.

There is a way to prevent the shutting down of the mills meaning hunger and want; there is a way by which the mills shutting down will mean a period of vacation and gladness for those who toil; there is a way by which the closing of the mills for a brief period will be hailed with delight by the workers. To bring this change about depends upon the workers, but at present the workers don't realize it. When the workers own all industries, then the shutting down of the mills will mean that there is enough lumber produced to build homes for all, it will mean that none are shelterless, and for a while they who have labored can enjoy a little leisure until they are called upon to produce more lumber to be used for the good of society, and not to be sold for the profits of just a few.

But until that time comes when the workers realize their economic position clearly and thoroughly, then we can expect the cry of “The mills have shut down,” to bring dread to the workers.

# Science and Labor Organization

By INDUSTRIALIST

TECHNICAL journals convey the impression of a vast improvement in industrial management. No longer are thumb-nail methods in use in operating industry. Instead industrial management tends to become a science. Science attempts to systematize knowledge in any one department of human thought or activity; and to apply the knowledge thus systematized in a manner conducive of the best results.

In industrial management, science may be summarized as systematized knowledge of the best way of doing work, not only for the industry as a whole, but for each industrial operation in the industry.

Scientific management tends to the creation of scientific managers; that is, men who have been trained in a scientific manner in the various phases of management; and who, individually and collectively, make up the managerial staffs in all great industrial enterprises.

These men take engineering courses in universities and otherwise study intensively management theories for years. To this they add also years of good practical knowledge; so that they are not only trained but experienced men as well.

So great is the increase in scientific management that in the cotton mills of the South, the old style managers and superintendents are being "retired;" technically trained executives are taking their places. This holds true also of industry in general; the old type of business head is being rapidly displaced by the newer one. The extensive comprehensive character of modern industry demands it!

This improvement in industrial management has brought about an improved industrial manager. An improved industrial manager is one who employs science in the handling of all industrial problems; all, of course, for the profit of his employers, the corporations and trusts.

## Facts Main Thing

He employs science in the selection of workmen, that is, he finds out all the facts about workers in his industry. He employs science in the formulation of wage rates and adjusts labor difficulties according to it. He gets his facts first and then uses his training and experience to the best of advantage, from his own viewpoint.

The modern industrial executive is usually up-to-date in all labor theories and practices; and what he doesn't know about them, he can learn from his own staff, or associated managers operating together with him in the same industry.

With and through them he solves problems involving engineering, economics, psychology, health, accountancy, publicity methods, employment, etc. Together with them, the modern industrial executive presents an entirely different proposition than did his predecessor of old; especially in the

handling of labor problems and labor organizations.

Corresponding with this, going hand-in-hand with it, and as a result of it, there is a desire for more scientific management in labor unions. It is beginning to be realized that the old style thumb-and-nail labor union executive is not sufficiently well equipped to meet his scientifically trained and experienced opponent.

Further, it is also beginning to be realized that such an executive needs the backing of a staff approximating that of the managerial staff, or the staff of his opponent on the other side.

## Scientific Union Tendencies

Accordingly, in recent years, the modern labor union tends to employ scientific experts in the preparation and defense of its wage movements. This is the case particularly with the railroad labor organizations, who employ economists, accountants, and other scientists and technical men in wage disputes, and in the promotion of their various schemes.

The labor press also reflects this tendency, in that it prints wage reviews, forecasts, and other economic and technical information of value to the labor unions. These reviews, forecasts, etc., are prepared and furnished by labor research bureaus and industrial editors in the employ of labor news agencies.

Labor education also reflects the influence of this new managerial phenomenon. The schools maintained by the trades unions, among other things, aim to train officers as well as members. They aim to make the former as well as the latter, more scientific and efficient in every respect, both in the managerial and other phases of modern industrialism.

They realize that the modern labor struggle is getting to be more and more a matter of scientific ability and technique; and is no longer a haphazard guess or development dependent on intuition and so-called luck. They realize that a great number of facts, or phenomena, must be considered and co-ordinated in every labor struggle; hence their new tendencies, as described above.

They further realize the tendency toward workers' control of industry and are likewise teaching the rank and file the facts of modern industrialism in furtherance of this latter development.

Of course, the fact that trades unions persist as trades unions, the fact that they are essentially auxiliaries of capitalism, engaging in many capitalist undertakings, like banks and the B & O "co-operation" scheme, militates against them. They are unscientific in their divisions according to trades. They are unscientific in attempting to get out of capitalism by becoming more deeply immersed in it. Modern industry obliterates trade demarcations where it does not entirely eliminate them. It makes the conflicting interests of capitalists and laborers more

obvious the larger it grows. To organize contrariwise is to show, not the scientific, but the unscientific, spirit.

But despite all that, the trades unions show themselves, in their educational program, alive to the times. In training and developing their officers and members in the new management, they show themselves alive to the dependence of modern industrialism on scientific training and efficiency. And, in so doing, they point out the dependence of all modern labor organizations on those same qualities.

Industrial unionism proclaims itself scientific. This proclamation is true, in that industrial unionism is a development thoroughly in accord with modern industrial growth. But is industrial unionism scientific in every other respect? Are its executives trained and experienced men? Is its rank and file grounded in the facts of modern capitalism? Is it alive to the intensive as well as the extensive character of modern industrialism? What does it know about the fluctuations of production and their effects on labor organizations? Or of the new industrial psychology, as exploited by capitalist agencies? Is it only theoretically, ideally, revolutionary, and logically sound, without being practically so?

These are some of the questions that confront not only the student of, but the actual participant in, industrial unionism. Industrial unionism, despite its theoretical soundness, its ideal revolutionary spirit, its irrevocable, logical position, nevertheless seems woefully lacking in practical application and results. Why?

On the answer to this question and the questions above, depends the fate of this new form of labor organization!

## IWW Publications

(Continued from page 41)

\$1.00. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy. Single copies, 5 cents.

**SOLIDARIDAD (SOLIDARITY)**, Spanish, published twice monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1.00 per year (26 issues). Single copies, 5 cents.

**JEDNA VELKA UNIE (One Big Union)**, Czechoslovak, magazine published at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year. Single copies, 20 cents. Bundle orders, 14 cents per copy.

**INDUSTRIALEN RABOTNIK (Industrial Worker)**, Bulgarian, newspaper published twice a month at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1.50 per year; six months, 80 cents. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy. Single copies 5 cents.

**TIE VAUPAUTEEN (Road to Freedom)**, Finnish, magazine published monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1.75 per year. Bundle orders over five copies, 20 per cent allowed. Single copies, 15 cents.

## New Steel Process

(Continued from page 42)

discovery. The chemistry of the process has for a considerable time been clearly understood.

The importance of the new process lies in the fact that it obviates the problem of prohibitive cost. Non-rusting steels were sold at from 50 to 75 cents per pound, compared with a price of 1½ to 3 cents per pound for common steels and 4 to 6 cents per pound for high grade alloy steels, 12 to 15 cents for copper and 18 to 20 cents for aluminum. This prevented any general use of rustless steel. A suitable grade of rustless steel or iron can be substituted for almost any material that is now manufactured of ordinary steel, iron, brass or aluminum, whether in the engineering industry or in the domestic arts. As compared with brass, it should be noted that the rustless metals do not require any protective coatings, such as lacquer, and it is also important that a greater economy is attained in tensile strength, thus reducing the amounts of material to be specified to attain the safety factor in construction.

There is no field of industry, whether it be domestic, such as for cooking ranges, utensils and hardware, or in the industrial arts, for mine machinery, pumps, turbines, wire rope, roofing materials and structural members exposed to the elements, or in marine work for ship plates, refrigerator pipes, etc., or railroad engineering, or in the automotive industry, including aeronautics, that rustless steel and iron cannot be used to great economic advantage on a large scale at a low cost. With the production of these metals there is no doubt that rustless steel makes possible industrial development previously impossible.

### Thousands of Workers Will Be Forced Out of the Industry

Whether the present slump in the steel industry is a result of this invented process is not known. But one thing is certain as soon as this new process will start to develop: thousands of steel workers will be forced out of the steel industry. The steel workers today have no organization to speak of. The other industries are developing new labor saving devices and machinery as well as the steel industry. What is going to become of all these workers that are thrown out of work? The struggle for a job is becoming a real issue. Not only are we interested in getting better conditions, but we must first have the job to better our conditions. The steel workers have a problem to solve, not tomorrow, but today, right now. Today it is a rustless steel process, tomorrow, new labor-saving devices, and in the meantime thousands of workers are added to the army of unemployed.

In order for the steel workers to combat for a job, they must have an organization that will take up their fight.

Join the I. W. W. Do it now.

# Fields Plowed as You Sleep

WHERE electric service can be employed to reduce the cost of farming, increase production and lighten the burden of the farm wife, is the primary purpose of a nation-wide survey which has been undertaken by the rural electric service committee of the National Electric Light Association, G. C. Neff, Madison, Wisconsin, chairman of the committee, declared before the recent convention of the association held at Atlantic City.

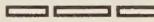
"Investigating committees, including agricultural engineers, university professors, government officials, farm organizations and public utility men, have been organized in seven states," Mr. Neff stated. "They include Minnesota, South Dakota, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, New Hampshire and Virginia. Fourteen other states are now planning to organize similar committees in each of these states."

"A locality will be set aside in each state as a sort of farm laboratory in which each type of appliance or machinery that can be used on the farm will be employed. These experimental farms are expected to produce facts on which sound progress can be made in electrifying the farms of the

nation. Publicity utility men believe that electric service can be made profitable to the farmer as well as to the electric service company.

"Approximately 2½ per cent, or 164,347 of the six and one-half million farmers in the United States are receiving service from electric light and power companies and about 200,000 farmers are procuring limited electric service and individual farm lighting plants. This shows conclusively that the development of rural electric service from central stations has just started and that this is the opportune time to give intensive thought to this subject in order to avoid costly mistakes which may occur out of haphazard development.

"At the present time experiments are being carried on with electric plows which can be started in the evening and the farmer can go to bed and the plow will work all night. Electricity lends itself very readily to automatic control, which makes it possible for the farmer to accomplish much work with very little effort."



## Never Too Late To Mend

By JIM SEYMOUR

"OH, Sir, please don't arrest me!" pleaded the aged quilt to the policeman who had discovered it resting behind a garbage barrel in the alley. "It is true that I am homeless and unemployed, but I came of good stock—I was made of the very best grades of shoddy and cheesecloth."

"Tell it to the judge," advised the cop; "he's an authority on quilts."

"Oh, I was, I was!" wailed the quilt; "I was made in New England. Please don't take me to the horrid jail to associate with criminals and politicians. I'm old, but I'd still be useful if I could find a job."

"I don't believe you ever worked in your life," said the cop. "You don't look it."

"Oh, sir, I did," replied the quilt in a worn voice. "I was sixteen years in the chambermaids' quarters of a big hotel. Then I performed casual labor years and years, until finally I secured a berth on a lumber schooner. I had been there nearly three years when a sailor traded me for a plug of tobacco to a wandering California prospector who knew right where he could find a fortune if someone would only grub-stake him. For seven years he looked for the grub-stake, he and I and the two dogs sleeping together."

"Then what?" asked the cop, getting interested.

"He died," said the quilt softly, trembling like a bunch of cotton in the breeze. "He left me at a hobo camp along the railroad track. For years I tried to induce one of the hoboes to employ me,

but they all sat down on me.

"Finally a tramp took me to the city and traded me to a furniture mover for a can of canned heat. I worked for my new boss faithfully for a long time, bumping up against the hard corners uncomplainingly, until my constitution weakened and I could no longer keep things from bumping each other. I hope you understand me."

"Sure," said the cop sympathetically; "I used to be on traffic."

"So," continued the quilt tearfully, "my employer abandoned me—cast me out to die by the roadside. Then a junkman picked me up, put me in a sack and sold me to the big junkhouse. But the sorter discovered that I was shoddy and threw me into the alley. And yesterday—boo-hoo—a man got me to clean the axles of his flivver and didn't even thank me. What is an honest old quilt to do? I can't get a job with a front like this."

"Cheer up," said the cop as he pinched a bit of shoddy from the quilt's innards and mopped his eyes with it. "I ought to pinch you, but tonight's pay-day and I feel soft. Come on, I'll get you a job."

Ten minutes later, in consideration of receiving a sample of whichever brand of cigar that happens to be advertised in this issue, the kindhearted cop got the poor old vag a steady job in a workingmen's rooming house that was operated on the uplift plan.

# Time For Action!

Don't let any adverse incident in the struggle between employer and employe dampen your ardor in the cause of labor.

Labor is not easily beaten; nor is it ever completely destroyed.

It has a history not only of réverses but victories as well.

Labor is most encouraging when active and alive to every phase of development.

Are you unemployed, and, therefore, unable to render financial assistance to the working class movement, then turn that item to the undoing of the system that places you in such a humiliating position.

Point out incessantly to your uninformed fellow workers the wrongfulness of a system that cannot provide the industrious with an opportunity to labor and subsist as becomes willing and intelligent producers.

Point out to them the wrongfulness of a system whose only remedy for overproduction is civil war and international war, or war on the working class to reduce wages and increase hours, and war against foreign nations to secure more markets.

Such a system is the height of economic absurdity! It is bloody, murderous, uncivilized, inhuman, and wasteful of life and wealth. It is a blot on the escutcheon of mankind; and should be abolished.

Agitate among your fellow workers against its continuance, as at present constituted. Urge them to join with you in protest against it. And to organize together with you on the job when you return to work, in order to combat its downward tendencies there.

Above all spread the workers' press, that the truth about the workers' organizations may be known. Organize to promote its circulation and sale wherever possible.

Don't succumb to indifference and apathy. Nothing would please the oppressors of labor more!

Arouse then! Agitate, Educate, Organize!

